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SOME SILENT TEACHERS

BY

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CO-PRINCIPAL OF THE CHICAGO KINDERGARTEN COLLEGE.

"All the material world is a manifestation of the unseen."

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This book is dedicated to my friend,
Denton J. Snider,
the silent strength of whose life has
taught me more than have his many
books, notwithstanding the fact that
the latter have led me into the phil-
osophy of Art, of History and of
Literature, as well as to the study
of Psychology and of the psychology
of Philosophy itself.

E. H.

Chicago, 1904.

PREFACE.

So kind and sympathetic a reception has been given my "Study of Child-Nature," wherein I treat of the value of understanding and wisely training the INHERITED INSTINCTS of children, that I have ventured in this book to put forth some suggestions concerning the use of ENVIRONMENT in education. I hope to treat of SELF-ACTIVITY and its importance in a third volume, thus completing the trilogy, the outline of which is given in the introduction to this. Thanking a generous public for its past interest, I make no other apology for putting before it another book.

Other Books by the Same Author

A STUDY OF CHILD-NATURE.

THE VISION OF DANTE.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

IN STORY-LAND.

TWO CHILDREN OF THE FOOTHILLS.

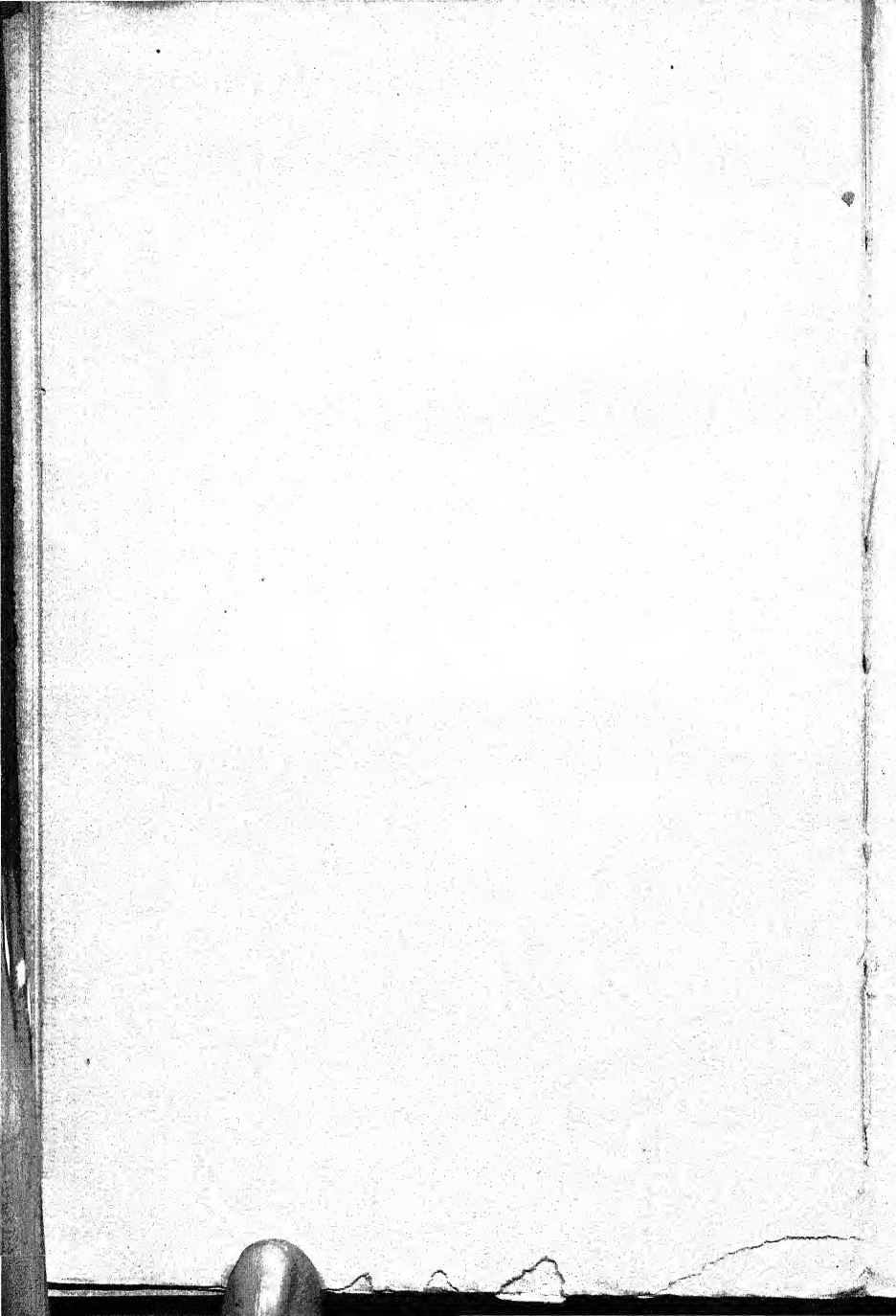
THE KINDERGARTEN BUILDING GIFTS.

LEAVES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

(IN PREPARATION.)

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INTRODUCTION.

When we look at education in a broad, philosophical way, we find that the three greatest themes in this field of thought are, first, heredity; second, environment; and, third, self-activity.

All these are in every phase of true education, yet each may be emphasized to excess, thus warping educational efforts, and making of its advocate a faddist.

Heredity tells the thoughtful student, of the long path over which the ancestors of any individual have traveled, and in consequence, the already formed tendencies of that individual—his physical, mental and moral weaknesses and strength.

"Hereditary rank," says Washington Irving, "may be a snare and a delusion, but inherited *morality* far outshines the blazonry of heraldry."

Nay, we may and do go much farther in our realization of what heredity does toward starting the child *handicapped* or *free* in the race of life.

I know personally of a family where the great-grand-father was a dissolute, self-indulgent man. His daughter came into the world with poisoned blood and suffered most of her life from torturing pain. Her daughter grew to womanhood a frail, delicate maiden, notwithstanding the mother's utmost effort to build up her constitution. She had occasional breakdowns and troublesome boils here and there on her body. Her little three-year-old child not long since had to be taken to the hospital to have an ulcerous sore cut out of his leg. Do we not hear, anew, the thundering voice from Sinai proclaiming that "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation"? But let us always remember the rest of that announcement: "He showeth mercy unto *thousands* of generations." This is the bright side of heredity, which is too often forgotten. A simple and well-known illustration of the value of the right understanding of heredity is the difference in treatment that is required in dealing with the undeveloped negro race and that necessary in the governing of the decadent races of East India, or even in the controlling of the American Indian.

When we come to the study of environment we find another great world for scientific investigation, and for earnest, thoughtful consideration of the educator. Washington Gladden has published statistics showing that an overwhelming majority of the one hundred most successful men in all the higher callings in twenty-five of the largest cities in the United States passed their boyhood in the country surroundings. One of the great New York penal institutions has kept a record of the childhood, (as far as was ascertainable), of the convicts brought within its walls, and *ninety per cent*, I think it is, of these records show that ignorance, filth and crime environed these convicts during the impressionable years of childhood. Those of you who have seen the terrible stereopticon pictures with which Jacob Riis illustrates his lectures on "The Tenement-House Problems" will not be surprised at this record of the influences of environment on body, mind and heart. They speak with trumpet tones of the needs of our great cities.

The educational world is beginning to awaken to this subject, as is attested by the soft-tinted walls now seen in all of our best

schools, the use of reproductions of the great works of art, as school-room pictures, and the frequent excursions to the fields and woods.

But over and above the too exclusive study of heredity, which leads to *fatalism*, down below the exclusive study of environment, which leads to *despondency*, shines the light of the thought that *self-activity* is greater than any barriers placed by ancestry or by surroundings. "*Man is a limit-transcending being*" is the watchword of the new education.

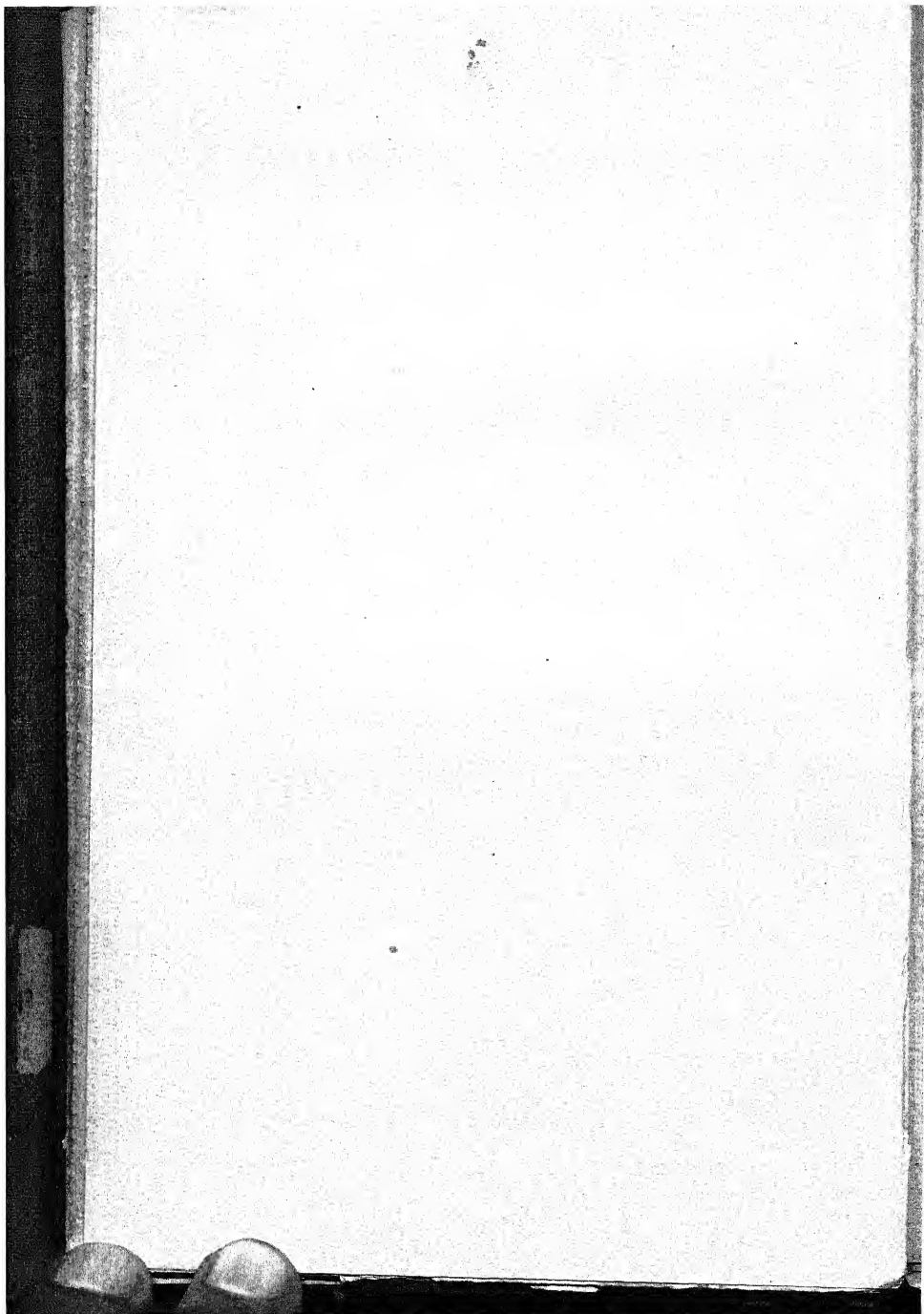
Let us accept the scientific data brought us by the painstaking students of the evolutionary theory of the past, that we may know the tendencies and dormant "remanents" which still exist in the child, in order that evil may be avoided. Let us listen to the earnest students of sociology concerning the powerful influence of environment on early childhood, in order that we may remove the wrong and strive to give the right environment.

But let us not for one moment forget that man has within him a *spiritual* possibility, which can rise above the tendencies of ages, and by moral will power say to the Satan

within and the devils without, "Get ye behind me!" The *ideal* is the angel with the flaming sword which guards the Valley of the princes.

Let us not for one moment forget that man has the power *within* him which can build up an inner oasis in an outer desert—that he has within him the love which can transform a garret into a palace, a frugal meal into a feast. When he cannot realize his ideals he can idealize his reals. Love, unselfishness, sympathy and courage can change environment, or at least render its influence harmless. Dickens' story of TINY TIM and his Christmas festival is no fancy sketch; there are lives all around us which are demonstrating the same great truth—that poverty is a state of mind, not a condition of the purse.

Let us then study all that heredity has to tell us, all that environment can teach us; but let us strive also to learn how best we may educate the *will* to overcome the weaknesses and limitations of inheritance and how to strengthen the *affections* until they *transfigure* the environment of the soul.



I.

OUR SHOP WINDOWS.

"Having eyes to see, ye see not; having ears to hear, ye hear not." There is perhaps no saying of the Master which shows deeper insight into human needs than these words. There is an *outer* and an *inner* eye, an *outer* and an *inner* ear, an *outer* and an *inner* life, and it is the lack of consciousness of this *inner* life which shows itself upon the vacant, tired and miserable faces which we so often meet; faces which tell of hungry hearts and souls, more pitiful than any deformity of body, or disease of organs; for we are rich or poor according as our *inner* world is full, or empty. Many a human being passes through life without knowing what is the matter with him, blind to the great opportunities, deaf to the deep relationships, unconscious of the wonderful revelations which are unfolding about him every day.

I remember one summer spending two weeks in Dresden for the sake of studying the Dresden gallery. Day after day I stood before the Sistine Madonna and drank in her beauty, her courage, her love, her fearless trust; day after day I turned from that to the marvelous "Holy Night" of Correggio, and stood in hushed reverence before its mystery; day after day I grew in sympathy with the weak and helpless as I looked into the face of the Holbein Madonna. The hours were too short, the days too limited for the richness and inspiration which came pouring upon me. While hurrying through one of the outer rooms one morning, I chanced to meet an acquaintance, a man who had accumulated a fortune at home. A look of relief came upon his face when he recognized me, and after the usual greetings, exchange of hotel addresses, et cetera, he said, "Isn't it a bore to have to go through these picture galleries; don't you get awfully tired of them?" Then added, "I suppose we all have to do it, but it is stupid work. The finest thing I have seen in Dresden is the former king's carriage; it is gold leather, lined with brocaded satin, and the harness is

inlaid with jeweled glass. It's fine! you ought to see it!" He little knew that he was telling me of the pitiful fact that he had allowed the call of the outer world to so engross him that he could not hear the inner voice of things. He had looked so long upon the outside of life that the eyes of his inner self were blinded like those of the fish in the Mammoth Cave, having lost their power to see by not being exercised for seeing. What did his bank account amount to with the starved and hungry soul within him restless and craving more life?

Another memory comes to me of two weeks which I spent one summer at a Wisconsin lake with a family of seven other persons, a mother and her three children and three young lady boarders. The entire sum for their week's expense was \$20. Eight people living upon \$20 a week! Yet I have rarely ever in my life spent two richer, more enjoyable or more profitable weeks. We were up in the morning with the early dawn, taking our rolls and hurried cup of coffee, and then a long tramp through the woods, around the lakeshore, or perchance a row across the lake to catch the miracle of the sunrise, coming

home with a boatful of pond-lillies, or some other gift of nature with which to decorate and make beautiful the tumble-down old house that gave us shelter. Later on during the day there was reading from some inspiring book under the shade of a huge oak tree; then came the frolic of dinner-getting, afternoon sketching in the open air, and of practice of our music for the evening concert (one of the young ladies played upon the violin and another upon the piano. Although they had left many comforts behind, they had both instruments with them). After a quiet, simple supper, oftentimes of bread and milk, or porridge, plenty of it, but easily prepared, there came an hour upon the starlit porch with games, conundrums and funny stories, or the recapitulation of the day's experiences. Sometimes when the evenings were spent indoors, tableaux or charades were worked up for our own amusement; our last hour together was given to music, and always ended with the gentle evening hymn, "Abide with me, O Lord, fast fall the evening shades." There was no effort, no set plan, no straining and striving for effect, but simply the generous, joyous pouring forth of lives that were rich within.

Let me again illustrate my points by giving the experience of a school-teacher friend of mine. She had occasion to purchase a ready-made pedestrian skirt, and the selection had to be made after school hours; as she was going into the store she almost ran into a customer who was leaving, owing to the fact that she was so intent upon the planning of the next day's lesson, having succeeded in lifting her class to a point beyond what she had anticipated; the joy of her conquest was still upon her when she turned to the saleswoman and explained that as she had a long street car ride each day in all kinds of weather she wanted a very durable skirt. "Are you a teacher?" asked the saleswoman. She replied, "Yes." Then in a tone of deepest commiseration the woman said, "How I pity you! What a hard, thankless lot a teacher's is!" Having eyes to see, she saw not the glory, the opportunity, the satisfaction, and inspiration which comes to the true teacher.

Will I weary you if I give you one more illustration of the need of seeing *into things* in order that we may hear their true voices and know them to be our silent teachers, often more potent than school or college or university pro-

fessor. At the time of the World's Fair, when Chicago was lifted to its highest by that marvelous revelation of what commerce, education, art and civilization really mean, I met a chance acquaintance to whom I put the accustomed question, "How are you enjoying the Fair?" "Oh," she replied, "I have only been there twice." When I uttered an exclamation of astonishment, she added by way of explanation, "Oh, it is all right for people who do not live in the city, but for us who can go at any time to Marshall Field's it does not really matter much. We can get about the same things there." *Get, get, get!* that was her trouble; all wealth meant to her merely more getting; she had not yet learned the great lesson of joyful participation in the beauty of nature or of art, without any thought or hope of personal getting. Having eyes to see, she saw only the outer, objective side of things, not their deep, inner meaning.

So our shop windows may be to us merely places where merchants exhibit their merchandise, which they hope we will purchase, or they may be great illumined volumes filled with illustrations of the processes of the industrial world and the world of art, in fact, the whole

history of civilization. In them are to be found chapters on anthropology, evolution, sociology, morals, ethics and poetry, illustrated true to life.

Let us take a stroll down one of our busy thoroughfares and see if we can let these silent teachers tell us of the meaning of modern civilization. Man's conquests over matter, time and space are all written here. Look at these inventions which these windows display! There are the steps of transition made by puny man from his condition as helpless savage fleeing from the wild beasts, battered by the storm, swept away by the floods, or starved by the drought, on up to man as the mighty master of Nature, subjugating the animals to his use by these weapons, traps and fowling-pieces, subduing and domesticating them as proclaimed by these harnesses and domiciles for animal life, transfiguring and using them as symbols as hinted to us by these statues and pictures.

In hammer and tongs, chisel and planè, we read the record of his conquest over the forests, of his building for himself habitations which defy the heat and the cold, the wind and the rain. Yonder window filled with stoves tells us of his mighty conquest over that all-devouring, all-destroying element of fire.

One of these days I am going to write a fairy tale of man's conquest over the genii of the earth: first of all he is to meet and fight a huge giant clothed in flaming reds and oranges and yellows that float and curve and twist about his form as does a silken scarf upon a windy day. He is to wear a smoke-colored cloud encircling his head like a turban, and he is to possess power to dart forth a tongue from any part of his body, a stinging, burning, malicious tongue which can wipe out of existence man's home almost in the twinkling of an eye or can lick up, within a few hours, huge forests that have been a hundred years in their growth. This gorgeously arrayed giant, could he seize man himself, would hold him to his breast for a brief moment and then drop him to the earth a charred cinder. Then I will tell of all the courage and intelligence that it took for puny man to conquer this mighty fiend; then shall come the subjugation of the fiery giant, and of his being chained to the spots where man wishes to keep him; how he was put into man's house to cook his food and to warm his family; and put into his field to burn up the stubbles for him; how puny man forced this giant, clothed in fiery tongues,

to take hold of other huge giants and master them for him. Then shall come the struggle between the fire-giant and a great clumsy creature clothed in dull blacks and grays, who crushed everybody who came near him, who stood defiant and indomitable until encircled by the arms of the fire-giant; then how he melts into flowing liquid and assumes any shape that the hand of man may dictate, and the iron-giant becomes puny man's friendly servant. Even the dirty earth-giant, who runs away every time the flood comes, or who hurls hands full of dust up into the air in fretful protest whenever the wind speaks to him, stinging the eyes of men and filling their mouths with his own substance—even so unstable a giant as this shall be conquered by the fire-fiend and made to bring forth the terra-cotta by means of which man can make for himself buildings which shall rise majestically ten, fifteen, twenty stories up into God's sunshine and air! Then the story will go on to tell how the great iron-giant fashioned for man plow-shares and pruning-hooks, and the sullen earth-giant was compelled to produce food when and where man chose, and in abundance for his needs, and so on and so on. All these giants in their conquered and

domesticated forms are shown in our shop windows if we will but see through the tools and instruments displayed to the process that made them; back of the process, to the mind that conceived the process. Then these shop windows will bring their silent but most significant message to us of how *the spirit of man has transcended the mightiest forces of the natural world!*

Do not the furs and blankets speak of his conquest over cold? The umbrellas and electric fans of his conquest over heat? The mosquito-nets and wire screens of his conquest over the pests of the insect world? The plumber's tools tell us of his victory over the poison of sewage, and the bringing of pure water from a distance. Candlesticks, lamps and electric light globes tell us of his destruction of darkness. Here, too, we find drugs for ailments, ointments for bruises, bandages for dislocated or broken limbs; even ear trumpets, spectacles and crutches are here to tell us of the reinforcing of the declining bodily powers of man by the ingenuity of his mind.

Of what do the grocery stores tell us. Is it not how man has said to nature, "I will not be dependent upon you and be deprived

of my food at the end of a dry summer; I will be master of your seasons!" So he has conquered and confined the daintiest products in prisons of glass and tin and ice, and now he enjoys all the year round the vegetables of the spring, the fruits of the summer, the nuts and grains of the autumn.

The beautiful art-lock of iron which we see to-day is simply an evolution from the stick and leathern strap of the olden time; the idea has been elaborated, that is all. These are but a few of the conquests of mind over matter as pictured by our shop windows. Some go so far as to furnish us with the steps of the process all in one window, *i. e.*, the wood out of which pianos are made, the wires, felt, the skeleton of the work and the full melodious instrument.

One of the interesting things in this study of man's evolution as given to us by our shop windows is, that the *eternal verities* of the past remain. The follies which are there displayed are those of to-day. Those which embodied the caprice or wrath of man in the past, such as powdered wigs, curved, semi-circular toes to shoes, poisoned arrows, instruments of inquisition, et cetera, have all died

their natural death. They may be found in museums or curio collections, but they are not to be seen in our shop windows of to-day, whereas every desire to give to the world a valuable invention or contrivance, every noble expression, by the means of marble or pigment, every true thought, has been handed down, either preserved as given or enlarged and amplified. Time winnows the chaff from the shop windows. There was once an era when the earthly life of man was short, all of his influence ended with him; but now he says, "That will not do; I am immortal, and I want all that is of value, all that is immortal in the past." What has he done? The nearest bookstore will show you how man has preserved the thoughts of Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Dante, and countless others; you will see the reproductions of great painters and sculptors, brought down to us; for that matter, we may go farther back into the past, as it is told us by the Assyrian and Babylonian tiles; all the works of the great musicians are ours also; the great handwriting of the ages is saying silently in our shop windows, "Man has transcended time; man shall make himself immortal!"

Then, too, we see in these poems of com-

merce the record of man transcending space. Once man could only go as far as he could walk, touch only what he could reach, see only as far as his eyesight permitted. But the spirit of man said, "I must go beyond that; am I not the master of the world?" So we have displayed for us in these shop windows traveling satchels, valises, trunks, vehicles and all the paraphernalia of transportation telling us of the speed with which this wonderful "wishing carpet," upon which man seats himself, can carry him to the uttermost parts of the earth. The old tale tells us that all the Mohammedan caliphs had to do was to sit down on the wishing carpet cross-legged and it rose through the air, carrying them wherever they wished. We have not yet reached the full realization of that vision of the Orient, but our genii of iron has laid for us smooth roadways across the prairie and the desert, and we seat ourselves in comfortable chairs, when, presto! twenty-four hours, and we have left the bleak ice and snow of northern winter and find ourselves in the genial climate of Arkansas or North Carolina, basking in springlike sunshine; or, perchance, by throwing a few more hours into the magic wishing carpet we are in the

midst of the orange groves and summer heat of Southern California or Florida. All this and more the shop windows tell us. Would the merchantmen fill them with means of transportation if man did not demand it? Again, in another form, we have the record of this same mighty conquest over space illustrated for us. Stand in front of any large grocer's windows and you may count a dozen different parts of the globe which have contributed to this triumphant song of conquest over space. The coffees of Java, the teas of Ceylon, the spices of India, the cocoanuts of Africa, the dates of Arabia, the olives of Greece, the figs of Spain, all proclaim his triumph. The furs of Alaska, the leathern jackets of Siberia, the wool of Russia, the plaids of Scotland, tell the same story.

More than this, they are telling us also of that deeper spiritual conquest whereby man is learning the brotherhood of the race. The swarthy Ethiopian gathering his cocoanuts knows that there are other men somewhere who will receive them. If there is a famine in India, our spice markets register the same for us. Commerce is thus telling not only of man's mental conquest over the face of the earth, but also of that slow, but mighty banding together

of the human race, made all in the image of the one God. This is confirmed as we stop in front of a window filled with stationery and writing materials; not only do we depend upon each other for our food, clothing and shelter, but the exchanges of thought, of sympathy, of love, and of consolation, are poured forth upon a sheet of paper folded into the concealing envelope and sent to our loved ones with perfect safety, by that all-unifying institution, devised by man, commonly called the postoffice. When we realize what perfect security is granted by our postal system, how, if necessary, the whole United States army will be called out to defend and transmit any message of yours and mine to the utmost ends of the earth, we look upon the postoffice building almost as a temple, if not for the worship of God, at least for the glorification of man's ethical consciousness of his kinship to his brother. All this is hinted by the stationery window.

Even as they tell of our human needs and uses do these shop windows tell us of our power to ascend through space. When on the starlit evening you pass a man on the street corner calling out that for ten cents you can get a view of the moon or of Jupiter; is that all he

and his instrument are saying? Is he not calling you to come and see the powerful genii whom we have captured and who enables the weak human eye to transcend space and go into the farthest part of the solar system and ascertain what there is there to be found for man to conquer? Pass by an optician's window and what are those microscopes and lenses saying? Such an one can be bought for \$1.50? Such another for \$7.50? Another for \$65? Or \$100? *Is that all?* No. They are telling us that the mind of man has taken the sands of the seashore and has compelled them to yield up to him their inner secrets, until he can now pierce to the center of the crystal world, or analyze the heart of the tiniest flower, or to give him the marvelous geometric structure and indescribable beauty of coloring which the minutest air-pore of the leaf has concealed beneath its shining green surface.

Not only do we see evidences of man's conquest over nature, but we are led to look for and to find whole volumes on the deeper relationships of man to man in these same shop windows. They are the poor man's university. You say to me, "If I could travel I would know the world; if I were educated I could under-

stand my fellowman, but, alas, I am confined to my home, my schoolroom, my desk, my counter; I have no opportunity for study." Whereas the wonderful shop windows bring not only the vast treasures of the material world to us, but subject-matter also for the deepest studies in sociology and ethics; more real culture may be derived from the right use of our city shop windows than from weeks of opera, theatre or lecture courses. The business manager of one of our large dry goods stores once told me that the window-dressers pondered each week their displays as much as did any manager his coming opera. This I have been led to verify many a time. A good illustration of the sermon which a shop window display may preach was to be seen at the time of the G. A. R. encampment in Chicago; most of the shop windows were gorgeous in red, white and blue bunting, with various arrangements of our nation's flag, guns, cannons, soldiers and sailors, all speaking in their silent way of the triumph of war, until unconsciously I found myself keeping time with the multitude to the tramp, tramp, tramp of the soldier's march; suddenly my attention was arrested by one window different from the rest. The background

was a cool, soft green; in the middle of the window stood the tall, stately form of an angel, clothed in white, with the spread wings gently drooping in the attitude of protecting love; beneath her feet was a cannon which was overgrown with ivy; at its side sat a little child apparently playing with a rusty cannon-ball as with a toy. Two or three white doves were so arranged as if they were gently flying through the air ready to spread the tranquil message of peace to the farthest ends of our land. The whole was so simple, so pure, and so tranquil, that I felt the din of war hush and heard the silent voice of conscience saying, "The triumphs of peace are greater than those of war; the heroes in life are mightier than those of the battle-field." There was no possible misunderstanding of the lesson taught, of the song sung by this window, "Peace on earth! Good will to men!" And many another comes with its message of man's social conditions and needs, though not always so beautifully portrayed as in this particular window.

The sociological problem is thrust upon us inevitably as we observe side by side the beautiful and ugly, the useful and the useless, the rare and the commonplace, things which tell us

of traditions that still shackle mankind and womankind (as, for instance, as for example the gun and the corset), and those that free him or her, (such as the spy-glass and the carpet-sweeper). Here we see the poor man's economies and the rich man's luxury, and a whole world of sociological problems open out before us as we see the useless, foolish extravagance on the one side, the pinch, the poverty and lack of management on the other.

The degree of prosperity to which any city has attained, as well as its standard of beauty, may be measured by its shop windows. In fact, the civilization of any era may be read as fully by its shop windows as by its historical statistics. It would indeed be an interesting study of social conditions could we have a stereopticon lecture illustrating the shop windows of a Siberian village, a Turkish capitol, a Parisian boulevard, and an American Broadway. We would see in them the gradual unfolding of man's wants and desires, increasing as his power to supply them increases.

These same windows give to us a psychological study of supply and demand. A few years ago I was asked by a friend to invest a certain sum of money in presents for her chil-

dren. Wishing to do the most possible with the money, I made a tour of a number of the Christmas displays of the toy departments of several of our large stores. What do you suppose were the gifts I found there displayed, ready for women purchasers to present to their fathers, husbands, sons, or lovers? Pipes, cigar holders, ash trays, and various other appointments of a smoker's outfit. On the other hand, with equal emphasis, was told the chief demand by woman-kind in the abundant supply of manicure and other toilet articles. Knowing the inevitable law that it is the demand which creates the supply, there is but one conclusion to be drawn, viz.: that women, when they wish to please men, give them gifts of *self-indulgence*, and men, when they desire to gratify women, give them gifts *demanded by their vanity*; and the great shadowy lesson stands out in the background, what do our boys most need in their training? What is the great lack in the education of our girls? Is it that our gifts shall supply the demands of self-indulgence and vanity? Is it not more self-control for our sons and deeper aims and purposes in life for our daughters?

But to return to the subject in hand. In this

study of the shop windows we come across that other psychological truth, that supply sometimes creates demand. Let one of our dry goods store windows be filled with attractive-looking golf capes, and half the women who pass that store will come to the conclusion that they really need a golf cape, though they may have several jackets and coats hanging in their wardrobes at home. The sight of an attractive object is well known by dealers in merchandise to create a desire for the same. I had a grocer tell me once that although wire netting saved the pilfering of nuts, it also lessened the sale of them, the sense of touch adding to the sense of sight and smell in creating a desire for the same. Our fruit-venders make use of this law by projecting their wares out onto the sidewalk, thus appealing to the sense of touch and smell, as well as that of sight, to create a desire; and a pile of nuts or a box of sweets lying within our reach, almost touching us as we pass, will awaken stronger craving to possess them than if the plate-glass window stood between.

Again, we may study how well these merchants have read human nature when they display "only \$1.00, reduced from \$1.50," "selling for almost nothing." These words appeal, in

the most subtle manner, to the *public opinion*, as it were, concerning the value of the bargain offered; although we know that they have been placed there by interested parties, they nevertheless have their effect. Merchants are as true, if not truer, students of humanity as are scholars at their desk or preachers in their pulpits. They know how to appeal not only to the appetite and vanity and public opinion, but to curiosity and to an ambition to be with the majority. They also know how to suggest the thought that such and such a thing would look attractive in your or my home or office. The book lies temptingly open in the window as if just ready to be read; two or three books stand in a row, suggesting to you how they would look on your book-shelf. The skilled displayer lays the handsomely bound volume carelessly upon a table; it is only the clumsy window-dresser who piles books up as if they were so many bars of soap to be dried. The polished wood furniture has a piece of soft upholstery thrown carelessly over a chair or dressingcase to suggest the right environment of such articles. The hard coal stove has a lamp burning within, that the picture of a fire glowing in your own home may add its appeal to the other argu-

ment. A baby's cap and coat are placed upon a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked manikin; and what mother is there, who stopping to look at it, does not whisper to herself, "My baby would look sweeter than that in such a cap and coat?" All sorts of suggestions of home life, of social functions, of business enterprises, are added in the arrangement of furniture, fans, gowns, tools, desks, et cetera. One loses half the poetry of life who cannot see beyond the mere articles displayed to their future environment; and the skilled window-dresser, like the true artist in other lines of life, lends us his skill that we may see the picture aright.

From the standpoint of ethics and law, think of what those frail plate-glass windows mean; how fragile they are, and yet they protect as much as would one half-hundred policemen. They are symbols of the ethical world in which we live. The majesty of the law is proclaimed by them.

An interesting illustration of the different between the Oriental idea of the security and protection which law affords as contrasted with that of the Occidental came into my experience not long ago. I chanced to be passing by one of those small shops which contain Oriental

goods, and, seeing some crystals in the window, I went in to inquire the price of them. A slender almond-eyed Oriental, with a smooth, subtle voice and sinuous bend of body, came forward to answer my inquiries. In a few moments we were engaged in conversation concerning crystals in general and his very fine collection in particular. As my interest in the subject was unfolded, he became more friendly, and finally said, "You seem to have some knowledge of the subject of gems; would you like to see some rare specimens?" I, of course, replied that I would. Then, turning and giving a furtive look around the small shop as if to see that no robbers or brigands were present, he went to a small safe in the rear, and unlocking it with a stealthy motion, took from its recesses a little leather case, upon opening which there came to view the most magnificent amethyst that I had ever seen; its full, liquid, purple depths seemed to tell of that mystery of beauty which belongs peculiarly to the heart of deep gems. My exclamations of delight over it caused him to venture to produce another small leathern case containing a huge topaz, somewhat larger than the ordinary hen's egg. After I had admired the gems sufficiently, he again locked them up in

his safe, and then coming near to me, said, in a low, secretive tone of voice, "There are not ten people in the city of Chicago who know of these gems; I would not dare to let it be generally known that I possessed anything so valuable." After a few words of courteous appreciation of his kindness, I passed on down the street, and within two blocks came upon one of our large jewelry establishments, where, fearlessly displayed in the corner window, blazed a number of magnificent diamonds, worth, in all probability, ten, fifteen or twenty times that of the hidden gems of the Orient which I had just seen. The former merchant had been born and bred in the land of tyranny and despotism; the latter showed by his shop windows that he had breathed the air of freedom and knew the majesty and power of that ethical law which commands respect for property and which becomes an unconscious part of each American child's training.

Let us turn now to the study of some of the silent means by which the thinking merchant attracts our attention to his shop windows. Activity is one of the chief elements of human consciousness, and therefore by the law of inner and outer recognition, our atten-

tion is called soonest to moving objects. This is a psychological fact well known to students. The merchants have seized upon this, and our eyes are drawn instinctively to the lady's opera cloak or street garment upon the form that slowly and impressively revolves round and round upon its standard. Even an excess of motion is sometimes indulged in, when we pass windows where whirligigs are loudly and harshly calling for our attention, but in reality distracting it from the objects they would exhibit.

Another psychological fact is used by the merchant in their various displays of scenes of humor. Near here there may be seen a wax image of a little boy stealing jam, and slowly turning his head around to see if his mother is approaching, then turning hurriedly and stuffing his jam-besmeared fingers into his mouth. We, with the rest of the passers-by, stand laughingly before it, the humor of the thing, touching an inborn instinct, and the good nature produced by the laugh causes us to feel pleasantly inclined toward that store, and, unconsciously, if we are upon purchase bent, we enter the door which stands invitingly open near at hand.

As the holiday season approaches, all sorts of humorous displays are made; sometimes burlesque, occasionally grotesque, and even coarse jokes are put forth in the shop windows, and are sure to draw their audiences.

The invention of electric light has almost revolutionized the decoration and adornment of shop windows, until now an evening walk down one of our business streets at Christmas time reminds one of the jeweled gardens in the story of Aladdin's lamp.

We cannot here enter into detail concerning the æsthetic use of color by our artists; gold or silver ware is placed in cases lined harmoniously with white, pale blue, pink or royal purple satin; dainty white goods have corresponding backgrounds of pale greens, lavenders and buffs. Strong metal goods and solid furniture have drappings behind them of warm, rich coloring, even windows full of prosaic black umbrellas have dashes of attractive color, splashed upon them, as it were, by means of huge bows of scarlet or orange colored ribbon, giving exactly the high light needed to make the windows attractive. In fact, the use of color as indicating the class to whom the appeal is made can easily be tested by a walk through any one

of our cross streets which lead from the avenues of wealth, refinement and culture to those districts where the dance hall is the principal amusement and the hand organ produces the highest form of musical enjoyment. Let us simply observe the millinery windows; they begin with the display of soft roses, made softer still by veils of lace or illusion; warm, rich, velvet hats, trimmed with furs, flowers and burnished gold, veritable poems of color; little by little the daintiness and the richness disappear, and plain matter-of-fact combinations in good substantial colors take their place; farther along, harsh tones of red and purple and green begin to announce the coming discords; when we reach the unfortunate districts where saloons are allowed to place their temptations every third or fourth door, we see the misery, the squalor, and the human degradation shown by the glaring, flaunting, self-assertive colors displayed in the millinery windows, colors which fairly swear at and fight with each other, the shopkeepers knowing, with a knowledge born of experience, what color will appeal to the inner condition of his purchaser. The pathos as well as the poverty of

life is thus shown us by these silent teachers, our shop windows.

Last, but not least, within shop windows lie volumes on morals, in fact a whole world of opportunity for the disciplining of the moral will, without which discipline no life is of much use. None of us can buy all that the shop windows offer for sale, and but few of us can purchase all that attracts us in the shop windows. So necessarily there comes a choosing, "Shall I buy this thing and do without that?" Or, "Shall I take this thing and leave this untouched?" Thus in the simplest and most material way we see the beginning of that great character-forming activity, the process of selecting, which Emerson has so uniquely set forth in his poem of "The Days":

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands;
To each they offer gifts after his will—
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and the sky that holds them all.

"I in my pleached garden watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her, solemn fillet, saw the scorn!"

"It lies not in our stars, but in ourselves," whether we shall end life with diadems upon our heads or fagots in our hands! No one who has read Booker T. Washington's autobiography will ever say again that heredity or environment stand unconquerable before the self-activity of the human soul. There we see the "man with the hoe" slowly transforming himself into a prince among men, by his constant determined choosing of kingdom and stars rather than of herbs and apples.

We are forever choosing and our choosing makes our living. I once knew a woman whose life was lived on so high a plane that she was able to say that she never had to make a sacrifice. "Because," she explained, "I always weigh up the two conflicting lines of conduct to see which is the higher, and surely to choose the higher is not a sacrifice!" She had reached the insight into the true inner meaning of choice.

Froebel well expresses this deep inner significance of choosing, and the sweet, simple way in which it may be guided and developed in the little child, by those two songs in his "Mother-Play Book," entitled "The Toyman and the Maiden," and "The Toyman and the

Boy." In Miss Blow's commentary* on the same she says: "The mart of life has its claims and its lessons. When either a child or a man has become inwardly clear to himself, and has gained the mastery over himself, he may go to this mart with profit. There he will find hundreds of things to be set not only in physical, but in spiritual relations to himself and to others. In the needs of man, revealed by the products of man, he may behold human nature and human life reflected as in a mirror. Gazing into this mirror, he will learn to recognize his own genuine needs, and grow able to choose for himself both the things which are outwardly useful and those which will edify and gladden his soul. Frequenting thus the great mart of life, he wins from it a really pious joy.

"Such a joy the child is blindly seeking when he longs to go to the market and the shop. He feels its premonitory thrill as he gazes at the motley stalls of the one and the brilliant counters of the other.

"In the rich mart of life, each person may choose for himself beautiful and useful things. Special choices will be determined with age, sex

*The Mottoes and Commentaries of Froebel's Mother-Play. Mottoes by Henrietta R. Elliot. Commentaries by Susan E. Blow.

and vocation. The little girl, the maiden, the mother, the housewife, will desire things which serve and adorn the home, things which lighten the duties and augment the charm of family life. The boy, the youth, the man, the father, will wish to protect his home, and his choices will be influenced by this desire. The woman will prefer beautiful things; the man strong things. Blending in harmonious union, the strong and the beautiful produce the good.

"Understanding that they complement each other, man and woman are transfigured from external counterparts into a spiritual unity, and with their mutual recognition life becomes one, whole, complete.

"A prescient feeling of the inner in the outer drives the child to the market and the shop. He longs to look at life in a mirror, to find himself through looking, and to win from this rich experience the power and the means of embodying his own deep selfhood.

"Hence, your child, if he be truly childlike, will not crave physical possession of all the things he sees. His heart's desire will be fully satisfied by a doll or a cart, a whistle or a sheep, provided only that in and through his

toys he finds and represents himself and his little world."

Mrs. Eliot has translated the mottoes to these two songs into the following suggestive verses, which it would be well for every mother to ponder, every teacher to study:

"The child, with prescience of life's complex joys,
Looks with delight upon the shopman's toys.
The mother, in whose heart these joys have smiled,
With present gladness looks upon her child."

"The toyman spreads his wares with skillful hand,
While in the boy's mind, all unbid, arise
Vague stirrings which he cannot understand—
Strange newborn yearnings towards life's great em-
prise;
Yearnings, which wisely trained, will grow at length
To motive power, still strengthening with his
strength."

Thus we see how the most material things about us may become our spiritual teachers, guiding, disciplining and developing us.

II.

DUMB STONE AND MARBLE.

Never will I forget an experience which came to me during the World's Fair at Chicago. I was sitting one late afternoon in June in the Court of Honor dreamily drinking in its indescribable charm, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the face of a shabbily-dressed, hungry-looking little man whose body was deformed and twisted beyond hope of remedy. He stood, motionless, gazing at the scene before him. The white columns of the peristyle stood out strong and distinct against the darkening blue of the lake beyond, while the setting sun gilded the long colonade of the Agricultural building, the lengthening shadows giving an added touch of almost superhuman beauty to the scene. The look of radiant happiness upon the poor man's face was so exalted that I, as well as he, forgot the external defects of

his body, forgot all limitations; and for the time being my spirits rose to that sublime height, which is our surest evidence of immortality. *Such is the power of beauty upon the human soul!*

The fair white city has vanished, as does the outer form of many a noble creation, but its influence, like that of a great life, remains with us.

The silent language of beautiful architecture has been heard by the American people—and will never again be forgotten. For architecture *is a language* as much as is music. It has been most significantly called “frozen music,” in that it catches in the same undefinable way the emotions of the artist and transmits them to the beholder. As we are lifted up by the great music, we know not how, to the lofty mood of the composer, so, too, in the lines and forms of truly great architecture we may feel the greatness of the minds that created it. Aye, if studied aright, these stone autobiographies of great souls tell us of the spirit of the age in which they were built as surely as do the laws or the literature of the same era.

In Egyptian architecture the huge pyramids raise themselves above the level plain. but the

beholder feels that it is a hindered effort to reach skyward. The mighty pile is not yet freed from the heaviness of its building material. Does not this clinging to earth, so manifest in the temples and tombs of Egypt, correspond with the idea of immortality held by Egypt's people? It is not a freeing from the body, but a return to the body after a certain lapse of years. Even their columns are heavy and suggestive of weight rather than support. In the same subtle story that comes to us when we look upon the crouching lion body of the Sphynx, with its human head, the comingling of the bestial and the divine. Herodotus tells us of this same dual nature of the Egyptian civilization; and the story of Joseph lets us catch glimpses of the Pharaohs and a nation of slaves. The silent testimony of art is as true as is the record of the court, or the chronicles of the priesthood. The point is uplifted, the head is human—a despot rules! The mass of the building lies close to earth, as do the majority of the nation! The analogy is striking.

In the early Asiatic architecture we see everywhere a vague, undefined massiveness. Their temples are hewn out of the living rock,

but are not yet separated from the source of their being. Is not this the external picture of the religious belief that scorns delight of this life and dreamily longs for oblivion in the beyond by the merging of the individual into the divine? Are they not "Nirvana," uttered in stone? The intricate, endless tracery or their facades tallies with the endless details of the ceremonies of their religious and social life. It must be so, for the same stage of human development conceived them both.

If we pass on to the architecture of China, their pagodas tell, in unmistakable language, of the *caste* idea, which has held China in bondage for ages; each story is distinct and separate, a bearer of the story above it. No thought now of the one man for whom all labor, as in Egypt, nor of the vague mystery of East Indian thought, but story distinctly built upon story, each unalterable and in its own place—divided, separate, distinct every time. The everlasting fiat of *caste* in human society is here proclaimed by the silent architecture. As each man must follow the calling of his forefathers or die, so, too, the bottom story must remain a bottom story, no reaching up of lines from earth to heaven as we see in later buildings.

When we turn to the more pleasing and beautiful architecture of Greece, we can read again in its glistening marble the same spiritual utterances of its people that we find in its immortal literature and its enduring forms of government. Here the individual is distinctly brought out—pillar after pillar stands in perfect equality, all bearing the superstructure, which protects and shelters all. The rhythm, poetry, symmetry and beauty of Greek life and Greek thought is fairly sung by her marble temples, even in their ruined condition of to-day. Greek balance and harmony are proclaimed by these lasting monuments. Even Greek logic is told, in that there is no part of her buildings which is not for a purpose. No useless pillars and superfluous arches such as we find in later architecture. Is not this the same contentment that we find manifested in the Greek character as sketched for us by her great poets? Happy and serene, yet not grossly enamored of life, willing to die for a principle as shown by the Trojan war—and yet Achilles, the heroic soul of that war, meets Ulysses in the under world and tells him that he longs to be on earth again. "Be beautiful on this earth and do not attempt to leave it, nor rise too far beyond it," whisper

the Greek temples, and Greek ethics and Greek religion go no further. Even in the enlarged and modified form of Greek architecture which the Columbian Exposition gave to us, we felt a longing to live with it rather than to rise above it.

Rome gives us her two phases of civilization in her buildings as clearly and as distinctly as in her laws and her literature. A Roman basilica, a court of justice, is straight, angular, stern and uncompromising, fit home for that code of justice which molded the world-consciousness into respect for those laws that have become the laws of all civilized nations. But Rome was the colonizer, the all-conquering empire, also, and unconsciously shall we say, the overreaching dome rose into prominence with its supporting ribs coming from every point of the compass to the one crowning center, true symbol of imperial Rome to which all roads were said to lead. Dr. Denton Snider has explained so clearly the significance of the Roman dome in his "World's Fair Studies," that any words of mine would add but little to the thought. Roman architecture proclaims the spirit of a proud, strong, great, all-embracing people, yet content for the most part with the

things of this earth. The dome does not soar as do the spires and towers of a later civilization.

In Gothic architecture we see rising the spirit of the middle ages. The dreaming of another and a higher life. The longing to be freed from the body. The vast stone cathedral, with its pointed windows and perpendicular lines and soaring spires, was, to again quote from Dr. Snider, "like a huge giant lying prone upon the ground with long arms upstretched toward heaven, struggling and striving to rise, yet seemingly unable to lift himself up, of the earth earthy." Here we have the sinner and the saint contending in the souls of men who build these cathedrals. The creed that pronounced man to be a worm in the dust, and yet an archangel, is here written in unalterable lines. Do they not tell to us, with the eloquence that marble alone can use, the whole history of that civilization which caused man to flee from society and shut himself up in convents and monasteries? The sense of the weight of sin is here—and yet the aspiration of faith that could remove mountains is also here. The whole struggle of the early Christian thought is

poured forth in these poems of stone that it took hundreds of years and generations of loving, devoted artists to complete. No wonder that we bow our heads in reverence when we enter a Gothic cathedral!

The great revival of learning which swept over Europe and brought men back to the study of Greek thought and a larger life than the middle ages had permitted, is recorded by the architecture of the Renaissance as clearly as by the writings of that brilliant era, or by its new forms of political activity; but the record of Architecture has this advantage, the ideals built into stone and the emotions carved upon marble could not be warped by the translator, nor misunderstood by the historian. They stand unaltered, exactly as they were left by their makers.

Thus we see that every great civilization has shown itself to be a united whole by leaving to mankind a distinct and characteristic record of itself in the silent but enduring witnesses of stone and marble that stand upon its hill tops, or in its marts, witnesses which tell in unerring language, of the spiritual exaltation or debasement of the era! For architecture is the art that appeals most to national,

as well as to municipal pride. It is the art in which all the people can participate. It is therefore the one that gathers up and reflects most truly the taste and degree of culture of a nation.

Music and the Drama enchant for a brief hour. Paintings are shut within the great galleries or cathedrals. Literature is for the reading public only. Sculpture, alas, is hidden within walls; but a noble building stands for hundreds of years abiding amidst changing humanity; it silently influences generations as they come and go. It is, as it were, an ever present poem, an inspiring sermon, or solemn dirge! Architecture has a language of its own—which all must read either consciously with keen enjoyment, or unconsciously with a duller kind of pleasure. By day and by night, for high and for low, it utters its message. Its influence, either perceptibly or imperceptibly, is felt by all.

The very fact that we apply terms of the spirit to forms of architecture shows that man has felt the subtle connection between the two. The language which we use in speaking of it is perhaps the surest sign of its influence upon us. We talk of "gentle curves," or "stubborn

lines," of "refined or voluptuous styles," of "noble buildings," and of "a religious feeling," or "debased eras of architecture." Is it not a suggestive analogy that in Holy Writ the paradise of *unconscious innocence* is represented as a garden, planted by the Lord, whereas, the paradise of *conscious holiness* is represented by a city of beautiful architecture?

The abstract lines of architecture are copies of nothing in nature, but are the deliberate expression of the highest creative mood of the artist and are, therefore, the soul of man speaking to the soul of his fellow man in a language created by the soul, not borrowing any intermediate terms from the forms or sounds of earth. When we begin to realize this we know why it is that a beautiful building affects us so strongly; why great cathedrals stir and uplift us; why noble domes cause noble emotions to awaken within us; and why quiet, well built rows of houses are satisfying to the peaceful citizen.

Architecture more than any other art is the property of all classes, as has already been said. It still stands when the concert is over or the opera is ended. It is not shut within walls, but stands in the open air that every sunbeam

and shadow may play upon it, that every passing cloud may change the tone of its beauty. For the great architect takes into consideration the painting which the sunlight and shadow will give to his work as does the musician the use of volume and tone in expressing his emotions. Therefore the location of a building has much to do with its form and detail. If it is rightly built, that is built sincerely to express in a noble way the real purpose for which it is built and is rightly placed, it stands a beautiful, silent and majestic poem in stone or marble to influence and ennoble each passing generation of the children of men.

Mr. Henry Van Brunt even goes so far as to assert in his most helpful and interesting book, "*Greek Lines*," that "lines are made to tell the story of the soul." He says the architectural growth of the past may be divided into three distinct, though related, eras, namely: the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Roman, including under the latter head the Roman, Byzantine, Mahometan Mediaeval, and Renaissance; and that the chief inner characteristic of each of these periods is illustrated by a single line. First, the perpendicular, uncompromising straight line represents the stern, inflexible

simplicity of the tombs and obelisks of Egypt. The same lines are repeated in the drawings upon the walls of these monuments representing the death, judgment, and doom of mankind. The stern soul of Egypt thus speaks through a single line. Nor is the line by which the architecture of Greece is designated less significant. We see it in the graceful but restrained curve of so many of the Greek temples, statues, and urns. It tells of Greek freedom and ease, but also of Greek self control. It was part of the civilization of Pericles and Plato, of Euripides and Apelles; and was lost sight of when the philosophy and literature of the same era were silenced. Again, when Roman arrogance and self assertion made quality yield to quantity we see the rounding swell of the quarter circle joined to similar quarter circle swelling in the opposite direction, so often found in the arcades and triumphant arches, in the vaulted halls of the baths, and palaces of Rome. It is true that Greek architecture was carried to Rome. But, to use Mr. Van Brunt's eloquent simile, it "was chained to the triumphant car of the Roman conquerors; the beautiful Greek pillars no longer supported the shelter of the temple of the Gods, but stood as useless orna-

ments at the doors of Roman palaces—servants in livery!” In no case was the gracious but reserved freedom of Greek art allowed to interfere with “the expression of insolent prodigality, of vehement and sensuous splendor which the Roman empire desired to express in all its works as a matter of public policy.” Roman civilization changed the beautiful Greek pillar into the sumptuous Corinthian order and created the still more gorgeous Composite. “These Rome established as the official standards of her luxury, and with them she overawed the barbarians in the remotest colonies of her empire.” What chance had the quiet beauty of the Greek line in such a civilization? It appeared but it was like a “song of liberty sung in captivity.”

Even a slight acquaintance with good etchings shows that hurry and confusion are expressed by short sharp lines, whereas, quiet and harmony are told by long flowing lines much as similar emotions in music are expressed by quick, sharp sounds, or by the long drawn cut quiver of the bow across the strings. Even the common wall papers create discord or harmony according to the beauty or the ugliness of their lines.

Fascinating and delightful as is the study of lines and their influence, not only upon all of the other arts but, also, upon all of the industries, we must not enter into it here. Let us concentrate our attention upon the subject matter in hand, inasmuch as architecture is the highest and at the same time the most potent expression of this great language of form. For the language of form is as great as is the language of music, and must be studied with the same intelligence and devotion if its subtle charm and indescribable beauty are to be mastered.

One can not go far in the study of architecture without soon perceiving that different *materials* are required to express different styles of architecture, as in music different kinds of instruments are required to express differing emotional tones. Indeed, we find that the great master builders created new material as the great musicians have devised new instruments. We can not make this subject clearer than by citing once more from Henry Van Brunt:

Granite (the material natural to Egypt when the nearest mountain ranges supplied the only building materials) gives naturally buildings where the beauty and nobility depend most upon the strong, single outlines, rather than

details; where the carvings are few and large.

Sand stone and Lime stone (so much used in the Mediaeval France and England, because they are the natural material of the locality) allow of more carving and moulding, such as can be seen on their cathedral doors and spires.

Marble (the material used by Greece whose marble quarries are the best in the world) permits exquisite carving of a delicacy and refinement impossible to rougher materials.

Onyx, agate, and other semi-precious colored marbles, (such as are seen upon the buildings of Venice and Florence) bring naturally the art of Mosaic decoration or plain surfaces into prominence. Carvings and mouldings are not needed where richness of color gives vent to true emotions.

Terra Cotta (such as is used in Northern Italy) allows full play to the moulding genius of such artists as the Della Robbia.

Coarse conglomerates (where no more staple materials offer themselves, or where the skill of man is somewhat limited) is used by such nations as the all conquering, all pervading Romans and later on by the Spanish Explorers and Conquerers of the New World. These rough, pebbly surfaces are made smooth by

plaster and thereby can be decorated by beautiful mouldings, and suggestive and satisfying coloring.

The last two of the above mentioned materials show the power of the architect to create the materials needed to express his thought.

While this subject of the use of right material is under consideration, I can not refrain re-emphasizing it by quoting once more from the same author. He says: "It has been discovered that in every great era of art, material has been used according to its natural capacity: by the constant use of such natural capacities, the arts have approached perfection: by their abuse they have inevitably declined. Thus as regards architecture in a district which produces granite alone, the prevailing style would submit to certain modifications to suit the conditions of the material; the mouldings would be few and large, the sculpture broad and simple, depending rather upon outline, than upon detail for its effect. In places where the stone was easily worked, the mouldings and carvings would be more frequent. Where fine marbles were available, the architecture would be delicately detailed, and affect a quality of refinement impracticable under other conditions.

When colored marbles abounded the wall surfaces would be veneered with them, in patterns, and designs in Mosaic would become frequent. Where clay only prevailed, there would arise an architecture distinctly of brick and terra cotta. If the stone of a district was coarse and friable, it would be used in rough walls, covered with a finish of cement or plaster, which in its turn would create a modification of style priding itself upon its smoothness of surface, its decorations by incisions and fine moulding and applied color."

"Thus, Egyptian art was, in some of its most characteristic expressions, an art of granite; the mediæval arts of France and England were mostly arts of limestones and sandstones of various qualities; the art of Greece was an art of fine marble; that of North Italy was an art of baked clay; that of Venice and Florence was distinguished for its inlay of semi-precious marble; that of Rome, as her monuments were part of her political system, and were erected all over the Roman World as invariable types of her dominion, was an art of coarse masonry, in whatever material, or of concrete covered with plaster or with thin veneers of marble. In like manner, forms executed in lead were dif-

ferent from forms executed in forged iron. Forms cast in moulds were different from forms forged or wrought with the chisel. Forms suggested by the functions and capacity of wood were quite different from any other."

Thus we see that the mind of man makes plastic the materials of nature on the one hand, and the materials of nature restrict the form of expression on the other hand, but never the content of art. The soul of the true artist will express its highest in whatever it is compelled to work.

Such is the record of the past! What does the architecture of today tell us of man's spiritual condition?

The crowded city, growing more and more crowded each year, is undoubtedly the most distinctive fact in the civilization of the present time. We may regret this fact, but we can not deny it; or we may proudly rejoice in it, seeing through it the closer coming together of mankind, the nearer approach to a practical realization of the solidarity of the race.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" may be asked when wide miles of space intervene between me and that brother. But when his ignorance of the laws of health has allowed filth to accumu-

late at his back door until a breeding-bed for disease germs has been established and we know that these germs will float in at our window not fifty feet away, we begin to understand that we *are* his keeper. When his neglected children, growing up amidst squalor and vice seduce or corrupt our idolized and carefully protected child, in anguish of heart we confess that we are all of one blood, and that we must care for humanity's children, as for our own. When our brother's hunger-crazed brain accepts anarchy as the only solution of his wretchedness, and our lives and liberty are threatened thereby, we no longer ask the question, we *know* that we are his keeper.

Therefore, the crowded city, to the earnest, thinking mind is not altogether a sign of degeneracy. Disagreeable as it may be to the man or woman of culture to live amidst jarring sounds and jostling crowds, it is nevertheless a step forward in the race-consciousness of its high destiny. The country boys and girls who eagerly leave their quiet comfortable country homes to rush into our great cities, and perhaps be crushed and trampled under foot by the unheeding crowd, feel this new stage of the life, of the race even when they can not explain it.

Here all humanity offers its good and its evil to them. More of these country town boys and girls come to the cities for the added life they find there, than for the added wages which they hope to earn.

The time comes when the higher types of humanity, who have been trained by this city life, return to the country, where their knowledge of improved machinery and scientific agriculture, enables them to live as masters rather than as slaves to the soil. Their artistic training and literary culture furnishes the needed stimulation to heart and brain, such as is now sought by uncultured minds in commingling with the crowd. Rapid transit, rural delivery, long distance telephones, and similar inventions of today, all predict the increase of this restoration of man to his normal condition, and hence to his best environing influences. But for the present—and for years to come—the large majority of people will congregate in our large cities. We are in the midst of the growing urban civilization.

Let us turn now to our Architecture, and see if it is writing the true record of our spiritual condition. Is the new form of architecture that is coming into existence today a genuine

expression of the new meaning we are trying to give to life? It must inevitably be so. How could it be otherwise? The mind of man is a unit, and the mental state that would call for a life in a crowded city would necessarily demand an art expression in the form-world that would correspond to the crowd-seeking tendency of this age. We are no longer Asiatic, vaguely dreaming of a sensationless existence in which all individuality is lost; nor are we Greeks; rejoicing in this life merely; nor are we mediæval ascetics, striving and praying to be released from this body. We are a new people with a new idea. We are the commingling of many peoples, yet all united under the thought, not only of the dignity and freedom of each, but of the solidarity of the race, not as the Greeks felt it, but with the added consciousness of "the social whole." What then may we expect to be the silent revelation of our civilization in dumb stone and marble?

As we turn to our architecture we see this new spirit of the time writing a new record, we find "the great stone giant," which in the cathedrals of Europe lay prostrate upon the earth with only his arms and fingers stretched upward as if crying for help, now standing erect

upon his feet. Having cast off the heavy garment of stone, he rises fifteen, twenty stories high in his new and lighter clothing of terra cotta and brick. "He no longer points upward," says Dr. Snider in a lecture on American architecture, "but stands erect and looks outward. He can bend before the gale, yet withstands the mightiest storm"—true symbol of the Democracy that has created him!

If art is the expression of a nation's highest ideals in sensuous form, can we not read the new thought of the race in this sudden change in all that has hitherto been accepted as the standard of beauty in buildings? America today calls across the waters of the deep: "We are all one common brotherhood. There shall be no more class or caste! The humble shall be exalted and the lowly shall be lifted up! The rail-splitter shall sit in the president's chair, and the Vermont village boy shall become the hero of Manila."

And the great invisible Spirit-of-the-times writes the joyful message in the strong, light, airy sky-scraper of today, using the very dust of the earth for its storm-defying coat! Have you ever thought of how significant the fact is that man had first to conquer fire, and then by

means of fire has been able to make of mud a fireproof material? Is not this "negative negating itself" in very truth before our eyes?

But to return to our subject. The older civilizations are slowly answering the call of America. It is not man's greed alone that has brought into existence our twenty story buildings. It is the crowded condition of our cities that has created them. They would have been morally as well as materially impossible in an earlier stage of the world's history. Their frame-work is pig-iron, plus nineteenth century intelligence, and their covering of terra cotta is mud mixed with nineteenth century brains. But is it not also true that the best business locations, the best sanitary conditions, the best electric appliances, and the best elevator services are now demanded by the multitude as well as by the few? And our giant sky-scrapers are the answer to that demand. They have been most truly called "the statue of the crowd," inasmuch as they most expressively represent in line and contour the inner meaning of the crowd.

The question now is, "What shall we do with our crowd?" It has projected its inmost nature upon our vision. We can no longer mis-

understand it or its needs. Here it stands self-assertive, shutting out our light and sunshine, arrogant, lean and hungry, oftentimes ugly and offensive to the artistic eye—and yet with a certain, simple dignity and an unmistakable aspiration which demand our respect.

No prophet of old ever called more eloquently to his people to return to the worship of the God of Righteousness than do these tall, gaunt giants of dumb stone and marble. This is one of the messages of Architecture, oftentimes not fully realized until the message has ceased to be needed, and the terrible consequences of sin have come, or the glorious opportunities of awakening aspiration have gone.

What shall we do with this crowd, bereft of reverence which the silence and solitude of country life brings, drifting away from the self-respect which honest labor implants in the human breast, and slowly but surely losing the quiet dignity which comes from simplicity of life? What shall we do with this ever present crowd which has already shown itself strong enough to reflect itself in Art? It has reached an art era, and Art itself must be our answer. A new beauty must be forthcoming, a beauty that shall be so appealing, so uplifting, so soul-

satisfying, that it compels a forgetting of small selfish aims, and unites and harmonizes unconsciously the jarring and conflicting elements of mankind. Does this seem to claim too much for Art? Watch a crowd stirred by music; observe closely a body of people as they witness a fine drama; or study an audience that has been thrilled by some gifted orator; you will no longer question the transcending power of Art. And of all arts, architecture is the art of the crowd; as has already been said, it stands silent and suggestive upon the public highway for *all* the people, at *all* hours of the day and night. If we doubt the power of form and line to uplift or debase, let us turn to a study of some of the buildings about us today, and see if they do not individually speak a language of their own, and yet one which may be easily mastered by any observer, and which teaches us daily, whether we know it or not, to be shallow and false, or noble and sincere.

When we exclaim, "What a barn-like place! I am glad I do not have to live there!" or, "This is such a home-like house, I like it," what do we mean? Is it not that the former, in its bad proportions, is assertive and commonplace, untrue to our ideal of a home? Whereas the latter

suggests individuality, privacy, and quiet comforts, three essentials of a true home? Who has not experienced a pleasurable sensation, when arriving at a wayside railway station, on observing the roof to be the preponderating feature of the building, whose chief office is to shelter people, temporarily, at the same time giving them freedom of access and egress? Had massive walls enclosed the station they would have destroyed the real meaning of the building.

Could anything be more appropriate to the generous sheltering of large throngs of people than the beautiful Union Depot at St. Louis? So far as my knowledge extends, it is the ideal depot of the world. As charming as is every detail of this handsome building we should not care to use it for a church, an art gallery, or even an assembly hall. Its purpose is to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest with grace and ease and dignity. It would be an untruth in architecture, if used for any other purpose and this untruthfulness would be felt by every beholder even if he could not analyze the cause of his dissatisfaction.

Again, can one conceive of a more perfect packing-box than the Marshall Field wholesale

dry goods building in Chicago? Here are strength, solidity, compactness, and security in every line of this building, equally as beautiful as the St. Louis Union Depot, though it is a wholly different form, as is right, for a wholly different purpose.

Who has not felt the majesty of a great city's welcome as he or she has ascended the few marble steps that lead to the spacious entrance of a fine museum or art gallery? Recall the feeling that you were entering upon a grand festival which the facade of the Grand Opera House in Paris gave to you. Did it not tell of a nation which knew the value of recreation, without forgetting the charm that courtesy lends? Think of the quiet dignity of greeting which the English people give to the world by means of the entrance to the National Gallery; and then think of the insignificant little green doors through which a Chicago public is hustled off of the sidewalk into the Auditorium, and you will realize how far the great metropolis of the middle west is from a right comprehension of Art forms worthy of so great a community.

On the other hand, you who have stood before the National Library at Washington, or walked through its superb interior, know the

glow of satisfaction that has stirred within your hearts as you realized how great must be the spirit of a nation which would choose to make so fitting a casket for her priceless treasury of thoughts. Need I multiply examples to prove that we, the American people, are slowly but surely learning the great and beautiful language of Architecture and its powerful influence in the ennobling of a nation? When the day comes in which we read its full significance we will surely cease to disfigure the streets of our cities and make coarse and commonplace our towns and villages with disproportioned, ugly, and self assertive buildings. As the daily accumulations of filth are now made away with, as a matter of course, so, too, some day, when the language of form is understood, inharmonious and false architecture will be forbidden.

Much is already being done by some of our leading newspapers and magazines in offering prizes for the best designs of simple homes, school houses, civic halls, etc., and also the widespread publication of the more artistic of these designs. Such enterprises are heralding the approach of the day when we shall cease to admire Greek porticos stuck on to the plain

looking American house, staring helplessly at us "with strange alien look." Even if our colonial forefathers did blunder thus in their early struggle for beauty, why need we repeat their misapprehension of Greek pillars? At one of our recent National Educational Associations where the largest body of educators in the world was assembled, a resolution was passed as follows:

"We believe that the standards for school architecture should be as definite as the standards for teaching. The law should fix the dimensions and all other requirements of school buildings as well as the size and character of school grounds."

Still more is being done by our great railroads. They are doing architecturally for the present day what the great cathedrals did for the Middle Ages, by planting beautiful buildings in the midst of our Western towns and villages, thereby teaching the people at large to admire solidity, fitness of form, significance of line and harmony of color, as much as they do with promptness and business enterprise. One of the suggestive lessons of the World's Fair at Chicago was that of a smoke stack transformed into a tall and stately tower which

added dignity to the building to which it belonged, as well as beauty to the landscape.

This is an age of utility but we are fast learning that the useful may be made beautiful also, and our land may in time become a land of worship as well as a land of work. The present effort to make our national capital the most beautiful city in the world is but the foreshadowing of the cities of the future, after we have learned the great value of beauty. Our frequent expositions are doing far more than displaying the wealth and resources of our modern civilization. They are visions of the possibilities of beauty and harmony and joy that may be expressed even where the vast crowd jostles and pushes. They are as yet the dreams of artists but will some day become glorious realities, the investments of patriotic citizens in that which is more precious than gold.

If you are in prophetic mood rejoice with every thoughtful lover of mankind, at the dawning evidence of another era of a true appreciation of Art and its great mission to mankind. If you are doubtful, turn your thoughts once more to the "Fair White City" that stood for a moment, as it were, on the shore of Lake Michigan,—coming and going like a heavenly

vision of the cities yet-to-be, and will you realize the greatness and significance of the language of form?

THE INFLUENCE OF COLOR.

Of all the silent teachers that influence us from our entrance into this world to our going out of it, color is perhaps the most subtle and the most mysterious. It is difficult to realize how large a part it plays in man's emotional life.

"Of all of God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn," said John Ruskin. Does not this solemn, sublime, and beautiful teacher of the inexhaustible love of the Creator for his world, stand too often unheeded? The pettiness of our lives causes our souls to cry out for more strength, more courage and more faith in the higher life; and Color, the handmaiden of the Lord, whispers to the tired spirit, "Look up and see the Glory of the Lord." "Look out and behold His Wisdom." "Look down and discover His tender care."

And yet, wonderful as is the infinite variety which color presents, the average human eye is dull to much of its marvelous beauty. Cease-

less as are the changing emotions which its lights and shadows awaken, the average human life is poor and empty, although surrounded on every hand by these inestimable riches! I call to mind a striking illustration of the truth of this statement.

While living among the foot hills of Southern California, I frequently had to ask the favor of a ride to town in some one of my neighbors' vehicles. One morning, I found myself seated in a hay cart beside an undeveloped country youth of nineteen who did the chores on a neighboring ranch, and who having lived all his life among the Sierra Madre Mountains, was an expert driver on mountain roads. Our conversation dragged a little and by way of renewing it, I said, "It was a beautiful sunset we had last night, wasn't it?" "I dun' know," was his laconic answer. "Did you not notice it?" I asked. "The sky was all crimson with masses of purple and gold and white clouds floating over it. The coloring was so vivid that for a time the foot hills took on the same color." "Is that so?" replied he, looking up with an expression of real interest. "I don't know as I ever saw a sunset. I al'ays fodder the stock about that time." "Do you really mean," said

I, "that you never stop to look at the marvelous sunsets we have in these mountains?" "No," he answered laughing a little at my enthusiasm, "I don't know as I ever did; leastwise I can't recollect ever seeing one." "Won't you promise," said I, "that tomorrow night you will look at the western sky at about seven o'clock." He consented and we jogged on into town, I revolving in my mind how it was possible for human consciousness to be so dormant as not to receive sensations made by the resplendent coloring that each sunrise and sunset spread abroad over the clear California sky in this mountain district. The next evening, it so chanced that my companion and I were returning from our daily tramp just as again the gorgeous panorama of beauty was once more trailing across the western horizon. By way of shortening our trip we crossed the ranch where the youth lived. As we came in sight of the barn yard a picture, which I shall never forget, appeared before us. The lad had evidently been out hunting and on entering the yard had recalled the promise made to me the day before, and had looked up to the sunset sky. There he stood transfixed, resting on his gun, a dead rabbit hanging forgotten in his other hand, his

lower jaw dropped in astonishment and his wide-open eyes staring at an amazing vision of green and pink and bronze and gold. The expression on his face was indescribable. It was evidently his *first sunset*, and yet for nineteen years he had lived, where each morning and evening had been performed a miracle of beauty with a radiance and glory found in but few other spots on earth.

Nor is this lack of appreciation of the beautiful coloring of nature confined to the ignorant and uneducated classes. I took with me to the country one summer for a short vacation, a bright and intelligent young girl. She was sensible, had the average education, and was unusually attractive. She was a good conversationalist, had taught school several years, and was in many respects, far above the commonplace young woman. Much to my astonishment, I found that she had never taken a walk before sunrise and therefore knew nothing of the silent mysterious beauty which precedes the birth of a summer morning. She was wild with delight over the long shadows on the grass, and the straight yellow rays sent forth by the upper rim of the coming sun. A tall row of holly-hocks that glittered like trans-

parent gems as the early sunbeams struck through their pink and crimson petals were as new to her as to a child. She had never watched a sunset across a body of water and so knew naught of the thrill that comes as the earth catches the glory of the heavens and the two become one in a harmony that fills and exalts the beholder, much as great music does the attentive listener. She had never seen the miracle in which the sunlight transforms an ordinary chestnut tree into an enchanted tree, each leaf of which is outlined with glittering gold. In fact, she did not know a chestnut tree from an elm, and listened with wonder to the story of the rose and carmine, the russet and buff blossoms with silken and velvet texture that adorn the oak and hickory each spring. And her pleasure was almost childish when she learned that the bark, twig, leaf and blossom of a tree all harmonized in color, and told of the same characteristics as did its shape and branching, its roots and leaf-veins. Day after day, her evident blindness to the most apparent beauties of nature became more and more apparent, until at last I exclaimed, "Where were you brought up? What did you do as a child?" "I lived," she replied, "in a country

town all through my childhood, but I was a *sidewalk* child! I can explain it in no other way!"

I liked her frankness and the term she had coined, "sidewalk child." It exactly describes hundreds of children who may be seen any day in our great cities, straggling listlessly along the streets, or worse still, if they chance to belong to the so-called better class, being led unwillingly along by some dull faced nursery maid. Even in our smaller towns I have heard the thoughtless mother give a parting injunction to her little daughter as she opened the door for her, "Now, take care of your dress; don't get off the sidewalk and don't play with anything that will soil your hands!" Such a command—when all God's world was inviting the child to come and be its companion and learn of its secrets and revel in its beauty!

Aside from individual instances, however, if we study the development of the race, we find the same thing. The mere fact that one is surrounded by charming scenery is not enough. For Nature unaided does not tell her message to the beholder. Spirit must speak to spirit. The spiritual nature of man must be awakened before the spirit in nature can give its inner

message through color. We have but to look at the dull almost animal life of the Dahomey negroes, or to study the stolid squalor of the Rocky Mountain Indians to know this to be a fact. Even the Swiss peasant leads a stultified life, surrounded by the sublimest aspects of Nature. To truly learn the rich lessons that color has to teach, the inner eye of the spirit must be trained to see in the marvel of the dawn and the splendor of the sunset the greatness of the Almighty—to feel the mystery of Life in the first faint flush of the bare branches of the trees in early spring, to hear the voice of God as He calls forth the quiet green grass to cover the brown hill-tops, to read in the thick darkness of the storm His power, and to join in the anthem of His praise which the shining stars are singing in their ceaseless whirl through space. In order to learn of this great silent teacher, the child must be led by one who has himself or herself learned to look with answering love through color up to the Divine Love of which color speaks. In this way does one gain not only keen pleasure and pure unsullied delight, but also power to express the experiences and visions of the inner life through color.

I chanced one summer afternoon to take a

long drive with a friend through a beautiful rural district just after a thunderstorm had cleared the air and washed the trees and grass of every particle of dust. As we drove along we met a prominent clergyman who was a personal friend of my hostess. He stated that he was going nowhere in particular but was merely enjoying the fine air, and therefore as he was a charming conversationalist, she invited him to join us in our drive. He accepted the invitation and we were soon in an animated discussion over a new book which we had all three read. Just about this time, the low cumulus clouds that had been scattered about in huge fragments over the blue sky, drifting toward the western horizon massed themselves in a vast mountain range which was soft gray at the base, but a luminous and glistening white at the summit. Soon the setting sun began his magic work upon the clouds, changing them into tones of the most exquisite violet that tenderly melted into crimson, which looked like nothing earthly unless one could conceive of great rubies miles in dimensions. Again a stray sunbeam would catch a smaller drift of cloud gleaming in silvery whiteness and gild the upper edge of it with shining gold and then flush

its lower half with a soft tint shell-pink. All this and a score of other equally marvelously beautiful transformations were taking place against a background of tender opalescent colors, toning from blue through green into yellow, and ending in a glow of orange near the horizon such as can be seen nowhere else, save in the sky at sunset.

Once or twice I interrupted the dissertation of our clerical friend to call his attention to the wonderful panorama of color that was passing before us. He politely stopped, looked at the sky for a moment, and then continued his talk at the exact point at which it had been interrupted. Soon the earth began to respond to the silent color-song of the heavens, the hill-tops flushed red, the foliage of the trees changed quietly into bronze and gold, their trunks turned to warm red browns, a small body of water near by reflected the whole gorgeous scene in a miniature picture upon its placid surface. One or two brilliant stars appeared in the green of the sky, and the soft hush of the after glow began to melt the colors of the clouds into new and more exquisite hues. All at once I became aware of the fact that I was being addressed and I heard the voice of my hostess say-

ing, "I fear you are not interested in our conversation; Dr. — has asked you a question which you do not answer." "I beg your pardon," I replied, "but this sunset had carried me out of the body, as it were, and I had forgotten where I was." The clergyman laughed, looked up at the sky and said, "It is a pretty sunset, isn't it?" He then repeated his question which was to ask my opinion of a new theory concerning the elevation of the masses which had recently been set forth by one of our socialistic leaders.

The next morning was Sunday and my hostess and I went to the village church at which her clerical friend was to preach that day. It was the custom of the church to hold an annual celebration called "flower day," and this particular Sunday chanced to be the anniversary of the day. Our clergyman had been asked to come out from the city and give a sermon on some nature subject. The church was tastefully decorated with vines and flowers and the hymns were well selected. Even the Scriptural reading had been wisely planned, beginning with those wonderful words from the Nineteenth Psalm, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His

handiwork." When the time came for the sermon, however, the clergyman, a finished scholar and a learned divine, rose somewhat hesitatingly and coming forward, laid two books upon the reading desk before him. Then looking around the audience room, as if seeking for help, he said, "I have been asked to speak to you on the subject of nature this morning; as I could find little or nothing to say on that subject which would be of interest to you, I have brought with me a volume of Ruskin and one of Thoreau, from which with your permission, I will read." Then followed some fine, but already well known passages from each of these authors. There was no word about the glory of sunset of the night before. There was no hint or suggestion of the inexhaustible wealth of beauty by which these people were surrounded. There was no allusion to the great color symphonies which were played each evening like beautiful vesper hymns in Nature's vast cathedral. There was no calling of their hearts to worship the Creator who was daily manifesting His love before their eyes. There had been no indescribable thrill of joy awakened in his own soul, therefore he could not arouse their dormant lives, nor strengthen their faith, nor

give aspiration to their discouraged spirits. He had given only a commonplace discourse; whereas he might have fed them with the bread of heaven, and have shown them that God was still speaking to His people, still performing miracles before their eyes. All because he had never been trained to see the beauty and feel the joy and inspiration which color can give. He had lost a great opportunity!

Contrast this lack of response to the appeal of the world of color with that exquisite feeling for color manifested by such writers as Thomas Starr King. Take but one of many of his sympathetic descriptions of scenes among the White Mountains:

"The inexperienced eye has no conception of the affluent delight that is kindled by the opulence of pure and tender colors on the mountains. A ramble by the banks of the Saco in North Conway, or along the Androscoggin below Gorham, will often yield from this cause what we may soberly call rapture of vision. A great many persons, in looking around from Artist's Hill, would say at first that green and blue and white and gray, in the foliage, the grass, the sky, the clouds and the mountains, were the only colors to be noticed, and these in

wide, severely contrasted masses. We should go entirely beyond their appreciation in speaking of the light brown and olive plateaus rising from the wide flats of meadow green, the richer and more subtle hues on the darker belt of lower hills, the sheeny spaces of pure sunshine upon smooth slopes or level sward, the glimmer of pearly radiance upon pools of aerial sapphire brought from the distant mountains in the wandering Saco, the blue and white mistiness from clouds and distant air gleaming in the chasms of brooks fresh from the cool top of Kiarsarge, and the gold or silver glances of light upon knolls or smooth boulders scattered here and there upon the irregular and tawny ground, and upon the house-roofs beyond. Yet let a man who thinks these particulars are imaginary hold his head down, and thus reverse his eyes, and then say whether the delicacy and variety of hues are exaggerated in such a statement. There are those who have such perception of colors with their eyes upright. And they will know that the tints just noted are only hints of a great color-symphony to be wrought out upon the wide landscape. They know how the rich or sombre passages of shade, and the olive strips and slaty breadths of darkness will

be transformed in some glorious afternoon, when the landscape assumes its full pomp, into masses of more ethereal gloom, and made magnificent by the intermixture of gorgeous tones of purple, emeralds and russets with cloudy azure and subtle gray along the second part of the mountain outworks. They know how those flecks of pearl and sapphire upon the meadow will mingle and spread with shifting azure and amethyst upon the lower part of the great mountains; and how the spaces of sunshine, the blue and white mistiness, and the golden and silver glances of light, will assume new beauty and larger proportions amid the gleaming hues of the looming azure ridge, the waiving gray and purple of cloud-enwrapped peak, the tender flashes of changeful light and tint in sky and cloud, and the tremulous violet and aerial orange of the mysterious ravines, with their wondrous sloping arras, on whose striped folds, inwrought with gold and silver upon pale emerald ground, are, one might think, the mystical signs of some weird powers that work from within the earth."

Or read John Van Dyke's description of a scene on the great American desert. "The rocks of the upper peaks," says he, "and those that

make the upright walls of mountains, though small in body of color, are perhaps more varied in hue than either the sands or the vegetation, and that too, without primary notes as in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. The reds are always salmon-colored, terra cotta, or Indian red; the greens are olive-hued, plum-colored, sage-green; the yellows are as pallid as the leaves of yellow roses. Fresh breaks in the wall of rock may show brighter colors that have not yet been weather-worn, or they may reveal the oxidation of various minerals. Often long strata and beds, and even whole mountain tops show blue and green with copper, or orange with iron, or purple with slates, or white with quartz. But the tones soon become subdued. A mountain wall may be dark red within, but it is weather-stained and lichen-covered without; long-reaching shafts of granite that loom upward from a peak may be yellow at heart but they are silver-gray on the surface. The colors have undergone years of 'toning down' until they blend and run together like the faded tints of an Eastern rug.

But granted the quantity and the quality of local colors in the desert, and the fact still remains that the air is the medium that influences

if it does not radically change them all. The local hue of a sierra may be gray, dark red; iron-hued, or lead-colored; but at a distance, seen through dust-laden air, it may appear topaz-yellow, sapphire-blue, bright lilac, rose-red—yes, fire-red. During the heated months of summer such colors are not exceptional. They appear almost every evening. I have seen at sunset, looking north from Sonora some twenty miles, the whole tower-like shaft of Baboquivari change from blue to topaz and from topaz to glowing red in the course of half an hour. I do not mean edgings or rims or spots of these colors upon the peak, but the whole upper half of the mountain completely changed by them. The red color gave the peak the appearance of hot iron, and when it finally died out the dark dull hue that came after was like that of a clouded garnet.

The high ranges along the western side of Arizona, and buttes and tall spires in the Upper Basin region, all show these warm fire-colors under heat and sunset light, and often in the full of noon. The colored air in conjunction with light is always responsible for the hues. Even when you are close up to the mountains you can see the effect of the air in small ways.

There are edgings of bright color to the hill-ridges and the peaks; and the canyons, where perhaps a sunshaft streams across the shadow, you can see the gold or fire-color of the air most distinctly. Very beautiful are these golden sunshafts shot through the canyons. And the red shafts are often startling. It would seem as though the canyons were packed thick with yellow or red haze. And so in reality they are.

There is one marked departure from the uniform warm colors of the desert that should be mentioned just here. It is the clear blue seen in the shadows of western-lying mountains at sunset. The colored shadow shows only when there is a yellow or orange hued sunset, and it is produced by the yellow of the sky casting its complementary hue (blue) in the shadow. At sea a ship crossing a yellow sunset will show a marvelous blue in her sails just as she crosses the line of the sun, and the desert mountains repeat the same complementary color with equal felicity and greater variety. It is not of long duration. It changes as the sky changes, but maintains always the complementary blue.

The presence of the complementary color in the shadow is exceptional, however. The shad-

ows cast by such objects as the saluaro and the palo verde are apparently quite colorless; and so, too, are the shadows of passing clouds. The colored shadow is produced by reflection from the sky, mixed with something of local color in the background, and also complementary color. It is usually blue or lilac-blue, as snow, for example, when there is a blue sky overhead; and lilac when shown upon sand or a blue stone road. Perhaps it does not appear often on the Mojave-Colorado because the surfaces are too rough and broken with coarse gravel to make good reflectors of the sky. The fault is not in the light or in the sky, for upon the fine sands of the dunes, and upon the beds of fine gypsum and salt, you can see your own shadow colored an absolute indigo; and often upon bowlders of white quartz the shadows of cholla and grease wood are cast in almost cobalt hues."—And this is a part of the journey across the continent that is considered so dreary and uninteresting to most people!

Do we need further comment to make us appreciate how much pleasure a quick, keen observation of color gives to the beholder? It is true that this love of beauty comes sometimes without any training, handed down, as it

were, from some remote ancestor who had an artistic soul.

Mr. Hamilton Mabie tells, in one of his charming essays, of a Scotch Highlander old and worn and poor in this world's goods, who was in the habit of going each morning a little distance from his cabin and standing for a few moments with uncovered head. When asked by a friend—who one day came upon him and who waited until he had again covered his head and turned his eyes away from the hills—if he were saying his prayers? he replied with a rare smile, "I have come here every morning for years and have taken off my bonnet to the beauty of the world." Could we rightly call such a man poor? How beautiful that Scotch world of his was Hamerton has told us in "A Painter's Camp," wherein he paints with word pictures so vivid that once read they are never forgotten. Most of us, however, have not that remote ancestor who has left us a legacy of inherited artistic sense. Yet there are but few of us, who are color-blind; and a feeling for, and enjoyment of color can be cultivated especially if the education begins early enough. We all know how difficult it is to develop the right kind of emotional power in a young

child without paying too high a price in waste of nervous energy. Here a love of harmonious and beautiful colors comes in as an aid; it stirs the keenest delight and awakens the purest emotional enjoyment without making the mind morbid or sentimental. If a child is so fortunate as to live in close contact with nature, and has free access to the out-of-door world, it is an easy matter to call his attention to the various aspects of the sky, to teach him to observe the exquisite tones of gray in the storm cloud, and the deep blue of a summer day, as well as the more striking beauties of the sunset and sunrise; the stars of a summer evening will appeal to his young soul as no words can hope to do. It is a well known fact that quiet moonlight often soothes a fretful infant. Children delight, when once their attention has been called to it, to watch from day to day, the yellowing of the branches of the willow, the reddening of the twigs of the sumach, the lighter tones of gray on the oak, as spring approaches; again the slowly changing hues of the hill-sides, and the exquisite tints and shades of the catkins and tender young leaves are a never ending joy. Later on, the still richer coloring in the leaves and blossoms, as the summer adds its

beauty to "the miracle of the year," brings another whole world of delight. Then comes Autumn with its gorgeous panorama of golden grains, of purpling grapes, of reds and russets, of yellows and browns; even winter is rich in harmonious coloring. Then again the rain gives one tone, the sunshine another, and twilight still another, to each of these many colors.

Next in order of purity of color comes the study of the plumage of birds, the wings of insects; then the hair and furs of animals, and last in strength of colors, but not least in beauty: nature offers a whole orchestra of colors in her precious stones and metals; and in minor tones of more subdued, though no less beautiful colors, her marbles, agates, carnelians, sandstones and granites repeat the wonderful story of her exhaustless supply of color harmonies.* Thus the child learns to enjoy the ascending and descending scale of colors in the world about him.

* "The colors of marble are mingled for us just as if on a prepared palette. They are of all shades and hues (except bad ones), some being united and even, some broken, mixed, and interrupted, in order to supply, as far as possible, the want of the painter's power of breaking and mingling the color with the brush. But there is more in the colors than this delicacy of adaptation. There is history in them. By the manner in which they are arranged in every piece of marble, they record the means by which that marble has been produced, and the successive changes through which it has passed. And in all their veins and zones, and flame-like stainings, or broken and disconnected lines, they write various legends, never untrue, of the former political state of the mountain kingdom to which they belonged, of its infirmities and fortitudes, convulsions and consolidations from the beginning of time."—*Ruskin*.

It is much more difficult to develop a love of color in a town-imprisoned child than in a country-bred child. In the first place, he is not surrounded by as much pure color, as all the dyes, paints, and other pigments which he sees in the fabrics made by man are far below nature's hues and tones. Even the best of them are but poor imitations of her tender and always harmonious colorings. Still we must do the best we can, realizing that a knowledge of even these crude manufactured combinations of colors in the beginning will lead the child later on to observe color in nature when the opportunity comes.*

The nursery walls should, if possible, be of some warm cheerful tint. It is far more important that these ever-present, silent teachers, the walls of the room, shall speak of love and harmony and cheerfulness than that the crib shall be made of brass, or the pillows be trimmed with lace, or the baby carriage be lined with silk. Of course, such belongings as rugs and curtains and the like should harmonize with the walls. There are now so many

*Kindergartners learn to know and to use not only this descending scale of purity of colors, as shown in nature, but also to classify color-combinations under the five general heads of: dominant harmonies, contrasted harmonies, complementary harmonies, analogous harmonies, and perfected harmonies, all of which are found in nature.

cheap, pretty textile fabrics that scarcely any mother is excusable for surrounding her child with ugly, crude or dingy colors.

Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, has shown his realization of the value of color in the earliest training of the child by making six rain-bow colored worsted balls his first plaything for the infant. This is but the starting point for the regular organized training in color which the child is to have later on in his sewing, weaving, paper folding, crayon drawing, and water-color painting. These are to supplement the color lessons which he gets in his excursions to the fields and his care of garden plants, and pet animals, together with other wisely directed observation of color in Nature's wonder-world. Many mothers do not know the amount of the pleasure and growth that comes to a child by the free use of good water-color paints. Cheap paints are better than none at all, although they produce muddy and impure colors. A child of three or four years may easily be taught not to waste his colors and may be given only three cakes of pure paint, carmine (red), gamboge (yellow), and Prussian blue. Out of these, he can make almost every shade and tone of color, and will soon

revel in reproducing the colors of all the objects about him, thereby training his eye to see and his heart to feel color, just as the ear of a child is trained to rejoice in harmonious sounds by being allowed the right use of a piano.

One cool morning a soft coal fire was started in my grate; a little four-year-old friend came into the room, and kneeling in front of the fire began to warm her hands. "Katherine," said I, "what color do you see in the flame?" She looked steadily at it for a moment and then said, "I see orange-color." "I see yellow," said I. "Ah, now I see red," said she; "I see black," added I, by way of stimulating her to the further study of the fire-colors. "Yes," cried she, with increasing interest, "the black color is the coal, and I see gray!" pointing in great delight to the ashes below. "Now, I've a puzzle for you," said I, "I see blue." She looked for some seconds at the fire and then clapping her hands, exclaimed, "I see it; I see it! It is at the bottom of the big flame, and oh, do you see that lovely lavender on the end of the big lump?" Sure enough, the freshly burned ashes were lighted by the blue and red flames and glowed in an exquisite lavender which had entirely escaped my eye.

I found upon inquiry that her mother knew little of the child's love of color, nor had she any lavender-colored objects about her, but that the little one had been given in one of the exercises of the Kindergarten some rather crude lavender folding paper, yet it had opened her eyes to the new color and led her to see it in one of its most exquisitely beautiful tones in nature.

I have given this simple anecdote, one of many which could be given, to show how work done with even imperfect color materials has its rich reward.

The beautiful coloring which comes from the sunlight shining through the autumn tinted leaves of the forest may be brought to any home, for a short time at least, by the simple device of fastening well-pressed colored leaves to the window glass by means of slender slips of tissue paper. Sometimes when artistically arranged, the effect is that of a costly stained-glass window. A clear glass paper weight placed on a sunshiny window-sill of the children's play room will throw each morning a sparkling shower of pure rainbow colors upon the walls and floor, much to the delight of the children.

Every earnest mother may not have it in her power to give to her child a knowledge of and a love for noble and inspiring music, but she can give to him a perception of and a love for beautiful color, no matter how limited her circumstances nor how far removed from the centers of culture her home may be. We can not fill a child's life too full of keen enjoyments if they are of the right kind. And this love of color, so accessible and so easily imparted, furnishes him with clean, healthful recreation during all his after life, for when once acquired it is never lost. For it seems to be one of the native languages of the soul by means of which the great heart-throbs of the big outside world are felt by the heart within the child, just as tears and smiles and tones of the voice are understood by all children. I have seen children's faces grow radiant over the colors brought out by the wetting of some common pebbles gathered from a neighboring gravel pit; and a joy beyond words may be awakened by the gathering of a handful of autumn leaves. Why should we fill their young lives with coarse and sensual pleasures, such as fashionable children's parties, visits to exciting theatres, cheap and tawdry toys, when they are

so easily satisfied by the beauty and the marvels of nature's colors?

The Pan-American Exposition told us how color could be used to beautify a city so that it would make glad the heart of all beholders, be they toilers or idlers. Even in the smaller affairs of life a knowledge of how to harmonize colors is of great value.

Let us consider this practical value of a right knowledge of color in these smaller matters. Many a young housekeeper and home-maker by understanding the value of color as a producer of cheerful and restful emotions, could avoid the grave mistake of having her house bare and unattractive because she felt she could not afford to furnish it handsomely. Whereas, the laudable desire to make her home bright and cosy could be accomplished without any great outlay of money did she realize that a happy blending of colors gives an impression of warmth and cheer far more than mahogany furniture or costly bric-a-brac. I know of one small city flat which is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, the entire furnishings of which, including beds, tables, chairs, stoves, tubs, dishes and other necessities, cost less than four hundred dollars.

I cannot forbear giving the detail description of a home in which this right use of colors was manifested. The house, built of thin boards, was hardly more than a shanty, yet two people, by their industry, artistic taste and ingenuity, had succeeded in producing an effect in the interior of comfort, refinement and beauty. Their resources were pitifully limited and their materials of the crudest description, but they had fashioned with their own hands a room which would excite the instant admiration of the most critical observer.

They had planed the floor and painted it a dark shade of brown with a shellac finish, and they had washed the bricks of the chimney breast with a rich shade of Indian red. The plain, heavy shelf of red wood (which was supported on iron brackets) they had used for a mantel-piece. The rough wooden walls of the room they had covered with burlaps in the neutral tone of coffee sacking.

Books they possessed in abundance in rich and many toned bindings, and for these they had constructed shelves of wooden boxes. They had painted them black, and hung curtains of Turkey red calico at intervals in front. The black lines of the book shelves and the vivid

scarlet of the Turkey red cotton lent added brilliance to the book bindings, and as this arrangement ran along an entire side of the room it went far toward furnishing it.

Above the shelves hung the man's strong, inimitable watercolors, and their background of burlaps brought them into fine relief. On the top shelf of the bookcase, which was about five feet from the floor, were placed some interesting pieces of Indian pottery and a few fine photographs, and some wooden chairs had been wrought into objects of real beauty through the transforming medium of red paint. By means of many coats and a careful rubbing down they had acquired a scarlet lacquer, and stood out in bright relief on the dark floor, and with their plain red cushions added much to the effect of comfort and beauty. Other chairs were painted black, as was the woodwork of the room. Flat cushions of dark blue denim, tied in the black chairs, made them pretty and presentable.

There was also in this room a feature which undoubtedly lent an indescribable charm to the whole. This simple little house situated on the edge of the desert, one vaguely wondered why it was that one was suddenly assailed with

a breath of an older, more finished world—a world of art, of letters, of society. The books, pictures, the few objects of art, the rich, harmonious combination of colors, of course all conspired to produce this result, and yet the room was invested with a special charm which was almost startling.

It was a wonderful window, filling almost the entire wall space of one side of the room, which had produced the delightful effect. The man who was responsible for it waved his hand smilingly toward it.

"You see my one extravagance!" he said. "In my overweening desire to let out of doors into my house I cut so large a hole that it cost a great deal to glaze it."

The sum was really a modest one, yet, as he said, it exceeded the cost of all of the rest of his furnishing. But it was not only that this window admitted an extended view of the plains, the desert stretching to a far horizon of the encircling mountains, the palms and little grass plot close at hand, but it had received a magical treatment which made it one of the prettiest windows conceivable.

It began at the ceiling and stopped within eighteen inches of the floor, and it was six

feet wide. It was made of the ordinary panes of window glass and opened outward in French doors. The sash and casing were painted black, to correspond with the woodwork of the room. From the top of the window a grill of black lattice work had been dropped. This was made of slender, pliable strips of wood, plaited in and out, and was two feet deep.

The fascinating effect of a tempered, rosy light casting a glamour on every object in the room was due to a fluting of thin red cotton goods behind the lattice panel. Falling from the bottom edge of the panel were full, soft curtains, carelessly drawn back, of Turkey red cotton. The low black sill held a prim row of vivid scarlet geraniums, and a desk and chair, as well as a lounging chair (over which was thrown a scarlet Navajo blanket), stood in front of it. Some desert wild flowers bloomed on the desk, and a huge bamboo curtain, propped on baskets on the outside of the house, served as an awning, which could be lowered at will.

The dark blue rug which covered the floor had been made by a rag carpet weaver in the town near by, and was dyed an indigo blue. An orange silk shade to an iron lamp picked itself out brightly in the room, and there were one

or two cushions of this color. The results produced by this glaring but harmonious blending of color was indescribable.

I have a friend who so well understands both the economy and the artistic value of color that she nearly always dresses in brown, usually the shades known as golden-brown, which happened to be a becoming color to her, varied and softening in tone, or course, by some parts of her costume being made of velvet and silk or cloth of darker or lighter shades of another weave than the dress itself. We were traveling together one summer and chanced to be out driving with a woman whose social position brought her in contact with some of the best dressed women of Europe and America. After my friend had left us she said, "How becomingly your friend dresses! She looked like a picture to-day."—"But then," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders, "Such dressing costs money. It takes a fortune to keep it up." "I beg your pardon," replied I, "You are mistaken. My friend is not a woman of wealth. The gown she wore today was Henrietta cloth for which she paid seventy-five cents a yard; that little brown bonnet has been worn four years and the pongee silk parasol lined with brown, which

casts such a warm color over her face and costume, cost, I think, three dollars and a half." My listener looked incredulous. "Why she always looks well dressed," I added, "is because she understands the combining of color so as to produce the harmony of effect which is usually the result of the artistic skill of high-priced dressmakers."

These may seem but trifling illustrations in view of the larger meaning of color, and yet trifles are as much a part of life as are the soul-stirring emotions awakened by the sublimer spectacles of color in Nature's divinely illumined picture gallery, or the deep truths brought to us by the symbolic and mystical use of color in the great literature of the world. There is as true an art in serving a dinner as in writing a poem. There is as true an art in properly clothing a child as in carving a statue. There is as true an art in furnishing a living room as in building a cathedral. It is but a difference in degree when results are looked at. In the one case, the every day materials of family life are used to elevate and refine the family; in the other case, the more lasting materials of nature are used to inspire and uplift mankind. The principles of harmony, of appropriateness, of

simplicity, of use underlie both. Each may be made an expression of the soul's ideals. Each may stir in its own way the nobler emotions. Some one has called the great paintings, statues, and cathedrals of the world "the autobiographies of great souls." May we not, with equal truthfulness call an harmonious, well arranged home "the autobiography of a loving heart?" And upon no one thing does the beauty and harmony of home appointments depend so much as upon the right use of color.

But color not only cheers and refreshens us. It performs the same service in the great world of Nature. It warms and strengthens the young catkins in the early springtime; it modifies the chill of the water for the frail algae; it vivifies the dying leaves in autumn. It gives to each and all of these its gorgeous reds and oranges and yellows that bring the life-giving rays of the sun as cool greens or dull grays could not do.

The part which color plays in the propagation of plant life, by attracting insects which carry the pollen from one flower to another, is too well known to need comment here. But science has not yet taught us why the inside of the shell of the nautilus is finished in such

exquisite rainbow tints, nor why the splendid colors of the peacock are hidden under the incrustation of the abalone's shell. Nor do we yet know why such rich veining of colors are buried in the heart of the agate and onyx.

The influence which color has upon the emotions is unexplainable. "Imagine," says Ruskin, "what the world and men's own existence would become if the blue were taken from the sky, and the gold from the sunshine, and the verdure from the leaves, and the crimson from the blood, which is the life of man, and the flush from the cheek, the darkness from the eye, the radiance from the hair; if they could see for an instant, white human creatures living in a white world, they would soon feel what they owe to color."

We can perhaps more fully realize from our own experience the mysterious influence which color exerts over each one of us, if we will but recall a succession of dull gray days which end in a day of unexpected sunshine and blue skies. Can we not easily remember the sudden feeling of escape from prison that possessed us, the new and cheerful view that we involuntarily took of the old problems, which had harassed us the day before? This swift change of our

inner world is not due so much to the change in the barometer as to the change from sombre to glad colors in the world about us. The joy of the woods, the glory of the mountains, the sublimity of the desert, are due to the coloring of the trees and rocks and air far more than we realize. The changing moods which the changing aspects of the sea give to us is another evidence of the influence of color upon the mind of man. One might almost say that just in proportion as color speaks to us does nature give to us of her poetry.

Especially can we trace it in the great schools of painting that indicate the rise and fall of a nation's spiritual life. This is not the place in which to speak of pictures and the undeniable influence which they exercise upon the beholder but, perhaps a few words about the significance of color used by different schools of painters may not be out of order. Certain it is that anything like a close study of the subject will verify the declaration that if we do not discipline and educate a people's love of color they will inevitably use it to corrupt themselves. Wherever we find a school of artists devout and reverent, holding their art as a sacred trust to be used for the glory

of God and the uplifting of humanity, we find pure strong rich color. The most notable example of this is, perhaps, to be seen in those beautiful prayer-songs of Fra Angelica where the purity of the colors correspond to the purity of his soul, and their splendor to his reverent thought of the glory of God. Again in the early Flemish school we find strong pure color used unhesitatingly; whereas the later artists of both of these nations, dropped into browns and other mixed and impure colors just to the degree that they exalted themselves and their technique rather than the nobility of their subjects. Take for example the later Dutch artist where the tints of a copper kettle and hues of onions or leeks are the most attractive things in the picture. When we come down to more recent artists we have but to point to Millet and his fellow workers to show how again the exaltation of the theme is accompanied by purity of color.

All literature is full of the keen sensuous pleasure which color gives. Wordsworth, the pre-eminent poet of Nature, exclaims, "My heart leaped up when I beheld the rainbow in the sky." Browning speaks of the dragon-fly that "shot by me like a flash of purple fire."

The fish of the sea became things of beauty and affection to the poet Keats, and he calls them "My clear-eyed fish, golden or rainbow sided, or purplish vermilion-tailed, or finned with silvery gauze."

What a wondrous worshipper of color the blind Milton must have been! And Shakespeare reveled in color until he speaks of the sun as an alchemist that turned "the meager cloddy earth to glistening gold." (He who has not seen this miracle has lost much.)

Dante clothes his Inferno in such dark and angry colors that we suffocate and gasp for air, and sickening sorrow fills our souls. The slow climb up the mount of Purgatory is best indicated by the increase of brighter and more cheerful coloring, and the gleam and glory of the Paradise dazzles our eyes with light ineffable.

When we turn to the study of color as an instrument for the expression of the deepest spiritual emotions of man a vast field opens out before us. Of this more profound use of color as a means of expressing emotions which are too deep for words, let us take the use of the rainbow for an example. In the earliest era of recorded history we find the hero Noah.

Devastating floods have swept away all his earthly possessions. His life has proved a failure as men judge of failures and successes. His imprisonment in the ark is ended. He opens the door and the dead desolation of a waste of waters lies before him. But he turns his eye toward heaven, and a rainbow appears. It brings to him the promise of the everlasting protection of God as no words would have been able to have brought it. We can trace the symbolic use of this unity of all color on down through the ceremonies of the law, the rhapsodies of the prophets, the ecstasy of the Psalmist, and the mystic love songs of Ecclesiastes. Throughout the sacred books of the Hebrews, even to the end, when the Angel of the Apocalypse descends from Heaven with a rainbow about his head, we find allusions to the rainbow.

In Egyptian literature the colors of the rainbow were associated with the garments of Isis, the mother-God. In Greek mythology, the girdle of Iris, the messenger between the gods and men, was of rainbow colors. The Teutonic peoples seized upon the symbol and made the rainbow a bridge from Asgard to Walhalla, and the common folk lore placed the prize to

be sought (the typical pot of gold) at the spot where the end of the rainbow is reached. And did they not speak wiser than they knew? Are not true riches found when we have reached the place where all the lights and shades of life are harmonized? The great German poet, Goethe, uses the rainbow in a most masterly way to express all the comfort and consolation that the Christian faith can give to a disconsolate sinner. When Faust awakens from his delusive dream that peace and happiness may be obtained through mere sensual pleasures, his soul is filled with an agony of grief and remorse. He opens his eyes upon a world of light and beauty, but the darkness within blots it from his sight. He turns in anguish towards the sun, the source of all light and warmth, but the sun dazzles him, blinds him! It is too great—too powerful! In despair he turns the other way, and sees a beautiful rainbow, composed of earthly drops of water, each one illumined in its own small sphere by the light from the sun, and all together making an harmonious whole and his heart takes courage and he is ready to begin life again, to build up, as best he can, the shattered wreck and ruin he has made of it.

Could anything be more beautiful, more suggestive, than this one touch of color, symbolically used by a master hand?

It can not be possible that this use of the rainbow colors to express peace and harmony is a mere arbitrary device used by the great seers and poets throughout all the ages. There must have been in their minds a subtle but keenly felt link between color and emotional nature of man. What they felt and expressed, we all feel in a dumb way.

"The infinite moods of the human soul seem thus to have a corresponding infinite in color," says Josephine Locke. And the very terms used in the following passage show how close and natural that correspondence is. "Color is soft and quieting in the verdure of the woodland; it is tender and gentle in the dawn and the twilight; solemn and earnest in the midnight darkness; peaceful and soothing in the moonlight; stirring and uplifting in its sunrise-colors. It sparkles in the dewdrop; glitters in the frost crystal; is gorgeous in the sunshine; fearful in the storm cloud; terrible in the fire; and sickening in the red carnage of the battle field. It would seem as if the entire gamut of human emotions had their external comple-

ment in color." Many more illustrations will come to the mind of my reader to show the subtle chords that bind the sensations produced by external colors to the emotions within man. The intelligent priesthood of past ages seems to have understood this office of color and to have used it to guide the emotional nature of the ignorant masses until a regular ritual of color was established and symbolic colors were used much as symbolic gestures have been used.

The Egyptian colors as found in their tombs and temples were not a reproduction of the colors of nature. They were conventional: and yet they appealed in some mysterious unexplainable way to the hearts of the people. The priesthood understood and directed them; the people only felt and worshipped them.

Painters in modern times have tried in vain to reproduce them or rather their effect. But modern painters have not had reverence within their own hearts, and so they have failed in producing worship from without. Modern scholars have had no better success in their efforts to explain the power which these Egyptian colors possessed; for modern scholars have lacked also the key of deep reverence by which alone the secret of the symbolic influence of color is unlocked.

"Red is said to mean the great generative principle manifested upon a physical plane. We know that the effect of red upon the eye is to excite, to stimulate. It stands for warmth, for heat. Red, merging into glowing orange is called "fire color," and speaks of a subtler thought of the creative symbol." But does this explain anything to us?

Whether it can be explained or not, we know that the Egyptians' symbolic use of color had its influence on the religious and the art ideas of the great nations that grew out of Egypt or assimilated its civilization and culture. Judea, Assyria, Persia, even the far east echo the chosen colors of Egypt, in their temples and the robes of their priests, modified, of course, by locality, and other traditional influences.

In fact, even in Greece, it was not until the Egyptian religious ideas had lost their hold upon the Greek mind that color in painting began to express Greek thought."

Moses, the leader and moulder of his people, was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and took with him into the desert their love of color and their use of it in their worship.

In the building of the tabernacle in the wil-

derness (by means of which the loving devotion of the Hebrew people was to be concentrated upon the worship of the one true God), Moses commanded them to bring "Gold and silver and brass, blue, purple and scarlet, and fine twined linen." This twined linen gave the contrasted harmony needed, by its more neutral tones of whitish grey. The curtains of the tabernacle were of fine twined linen with blue and purple and scarlet embroidery upon them. The cherubims were overlaid with glittering gold; even the covering of the tent was of ram's skin dyed red. What a gorgeous sight it must have been! How its color must have stirred the emotions of this primitive race. The splendor of the description of the Holy of Holies dazzles the eye of the imagination as we read it.

Even the sacred robes in which the high priest was clad when he stood before the people as mediator between them and God, was a rich poem of color. Behold him, clothed in the soft greyish white of flax embroidered profusely with blue and purple and scarlet and gold. See the flash and gleam of the diamond, the yellow of the topaz, the red of the carbuncles, the green of emeralds, the blue of sapphires, the pink of sardonyx; the greenish light of the

beryl, together with the indescribably lovely hues of the onyx, jasper, and agate, all set in gold.

Can you not see him moving about, now in the sunlight, now in the shadow, as he performs for them their most sacred rites? How again this play of color must have fired their imagination and stirred their emotions!

Whenever a great souled Hebrew prophet or seer lost himself in the contemplation of the glory and greatness of Deity, or was bowed down in anguish over the sins of his people, ordinary words seemed to fail him and he seized upon the language of color to give vent to his overwhelming emotion. In the ecstasy of inspired vision the ordinary language of his people was nothing: color alone could give any idea of the glory or of the awful darkness. Thus we find in the vision of Ezekiel that glowing amber signified the presence of the Lord.

The strange beasts descending out of the heavens "sparkled like burnished brass," "their appearance was like burning coals of fire," and "the appearance of the wheel was like the color of beryl and over their heads was a firmament like the color of crystal," and "their heads were like the sapphire stone." We read on until the prophet seems almost intoxicated with color!

What would Solomon's description of the Bride be, if color was left out in his comparisons of her beauty to the most beautiful things about him? In the reading of the Revelations of St. John one is reminded of beautiful chapels in Europe built in mediaeval times where the walls are for the most part stained glass windows, and which give one the sensation of being inside of a rich, well cut diamond. Wise indeed have been the Greek and Roman branches of the Christian church to retain in their symbolic ceremonials the powerful appeal which color makes to the human heart. Our Protestant America has yet to learn that worship may be expressed through color as well as through music.

What then is the secret of the powerful influence which color exercises over the hearts of men? No better reply can be found than that given by the writer who has done more than any other man of modern times to awaken our age to the real significance and value of color.

"The infinite soul of humanity," says John Ruskin, "with its divine worship of self-abnegation, has no counterpart in all nature equal to the service which color renders to the rest of the world. How it glorifies and uplifts the

commonest objects!" No wonder that he has called color the type and symbol of Love!

Thus may we trace in part the influence of color on the mind of man in the past and present. Perhaps I can not better close this inadequate survey of the office of color than by giving some prophecies of its future use as expressed by one or two writers of today who have felt its possibilities in new directions.

"The only possible rival to sound, as a vehicle for pure emotion, is color," says Dr. Haweis, "but up to the present time, no art has been invented which stands in exactly the same relation to color as music does to sound. No one who has ever attentively watched a sunset can fail to have noticed, that color as well as sound possesses all the fine qualities which belong to emotion; the fading of dark tints into bright ones corresponds to elevation and depression, the palpitations of light and nobility of hues give velocity, the poorness or richness of the sun's color constitutes its intensity, the presence of more than one color gives variety; while form is determined by the various degrees of space occupied by the different colors.

No method has yet been discovered of arranging color by itself for the eye as a musician's art arranges sound for the ear. We have no color pictures depending solely upon color as we have symphonies depending solely upon sound. In Turner's works, we find the nearest approach, but even he by the necessary limitation of his art is without the property of velocity. The canvas does not change to the eye, all that is, is presented simultaneous, as by one complex chord and then the charm of velocity, which is so great a property in emotion and which might belong to a color art, is denied to the painter.

Color now stands in the same kind of relation to the painter's art, as sound among the Greeks did to the gymnast, but just as we speak of the classic age as a time long before the era of great music, so bye and bye posterity may allude to the present age as an age before the color art was known, an age in which color had not yet been developed in a language of pure emotion, but was simply used as an accessory to drawing. Such was music in relation to bodily exercise and rhythmic action and here I would express my conviction that there is a color art exactly analogous to the sound. Art

in music is possible and is among the arts which have to be traversed in the future as sculpture, architecture, painting and music have been in the past. Nor do I see why it should not equal any of these in the splendor of its results and variety of its application.

The reader, whose eye is passionately responsive to color may gain some faint anticipation of the color art of the future, if he will try to recall the kind of impressions made upon him by the exquisite tints painted upon the dark curtain of the night at a display of fireworks. I select fireworks as an illustration in preference to the most gorgeous sunset, because I am not speaking of nature, but art, that is to say something into the composition of which the mind of men has entered and whose very meaning depends upon its bearing evidence of human design, and I select pyrotechny instead of painting of any kind because in it we get the important emotional property of velocity which is necessarily absent from color. At such a display as I have mentioned, we are in fact present at the most astonishing revelations of light and color. The effects produced are indeed often associated with vulgar patterns, loud noises and the most

coarse and stupid contrasts. Sometimes these are felicitous for a moment by the merest chance, but usually they are chaotic, incoherent, discordant and supportable only because of the splendor of the materials employed; but what a majestic symphony might not be played with such orchestral blaze of incomparable hues!

What delicate melodies might be composed of single floating lights changing from one slow intensity to another, then the dark might intervene until some tender dawn of opal might by chance receive the last fluttering pulse of light and prepare the eye for some new passage of exquisite color.

Why should we not go down to the palace of the people and assist at a real color prelude or symphony, as we now go down to hear a work of Mozart or Mendelssohn? But the color art must first be constituted, its symbols and phraseology be discovered, its instrument invented and its composers born.

Until then music will have no rival as an art medium of emotion."*

Albert Lavignac, in his "Music and Musicians," confirms this theory of Dr. Haweis by a testimony, which, though entirely dif-

* "Music and Morals,"

ferent, yet shows the close relation between music and color. He says:

"The painter habitually employs this metaphor, 'the gamut of color,' and the musician may appropriately use this one in turn, 'the coloring of an orchestra.' Of this coloring I have now to speak. Too often the ludicrous side is seen of the anecdote—really a sad one,—where a man blind from his birth is instructed by a friend concerning the color red. 'It is violent,' says the friend, 'striking, superb, yet brutal; it kills adjacent tints.' 'Oh, I understand,' rejoins the blind man, 'this color red must be like the sound of a trumpet.' Now it is not unreasonable to maintain that he was quite right and that each instrument has really its own color, which may be defined as its special character, admitting at the same time that this resemblance may vary with different observers, perhaps owing to differences in the conformation of the eye or ear. From this divergence in judgment comes the sole real objection as to the demonstration I propose making. To most persons, as to myself, the thereal, suave, transparent timbre of the flute, with its placidity and its poetic charm produces an auditory sensation analogous to the visual impres-

sion of the color blue—of fine blue, pure and luminous as the ozone of the sky. The oboe, so appropriate to the expression of rustic sentiments, appears to me to be distinctly green of rather crude tint. The warm sound of the clarionet, at once rough and velvety, brilliant in the high notes, but rich in the lower register, calls up the idea of a red brown, the Van Dyke red, garnet. The *horn* is yellow, a brilliant coppery yellow, and the poor *cor anglais* so melancholy, corresponds to violet, expressing affliction, sadness and resignation. The family of trumpets, clarions, and trombones, presents all the gradations of crimson; mingled with the horns it gives orange, while the cornet, trivial and braggart utters a note of very ordinary red ox blood, or of wine.

The bassoon, sombre, sad, painful, with feeble timid and inconspicuous timbre is certainly a dark brown. Not a clean color, but a little mixed with grey. The percussion instruments, kettle drums, bass drum, make great black holes in the mass of sound. The roll of the side drum is greyish. The triangle, on the other hand, can be nothing else but silvery. Thus at least I hear them, which does not prevent other men from seeing them differently."

He then enlarges upon color suggested by the bow instruments, showing how their infinite variety of timbre corresponds to the infinite variety of colors. The violin, in particular, he claims, possesses the whole gamut of color. The viola has them all, too, but veiled by a general neutral tint as if seen through a fog. This interesting insight into a musician's conception of the relationship between music and color ends with these words:

"The art of orchestration seems to me to have much similarity to the painter's art in the use of color; the musician's palate is his orchestral list; here he finds all the tones necessary to clothe his thought, his melodic design, his harmonic tissue, to produce lights and shadows, and he mixes them almost as a painter mixes his colors."

Again, Dr. Denton J. Snider, in his "World's Fair Studies," prophesies a still more significant use of color in and of itself as a fine art capable of expressing the sublimest moods of the soul.

"Color at the World's Fair," says he, "has risen into colossal proportions; by means of electricity and pyrotechnics, a new art of illumination is hinted in these grand displays.

Light with its variations of color thrown upon the vast background of night, moonlit, starlit, or clouded, into many shapes of flying dragons, has produced the most wonderful spectacular effects, embracing land, water, and sky in their natural magnitude, a kind of nocturnal painting by means of color we have witnessed on a scale of grandeur, which makes every portraiture on canvas seem insignificant, and calls up the picture gallery of the future, employing the walls and canopy of the real heaven whereon to paint man and his works, as well as angels and divinities.

Why should not a million eyes at the next Chicago World's Fair behold the Last Judgment thrown upon the skies over Lake Michigan, and witness the coming of the Son of Man, seated literally upon the clouds, while electricity, the New Lucifer, or light-bearer, flashes over the waters below, and transforms the billows of fire like unto the infernal pit? And the very cupola of the heavens above could also be illuminated with the forms of the blessed in Paradise as they float about the dome of the world's cathedral. Such shapes painting has seized upon hitherto, but it is merely the prophecy of grander appearances. Michael Angelo's picture in the Sistine Chapel would

then reach mightier fulfillment. In fact, the new illustration of the "Divine Comedy" will be given with panoramic reality on a scale which will make Dante prophetic of the new art.

Why should not the human form be produced upon the sky before a million spectators by means of electrical painting with its own perspective and color? A group of gigantic forms we can easily imagine drawn upon this celestial canvas. Nay, a new element can be added to such a style of painting, namely, movement. The figures or groups of figures can be made to change place and then to show action whereby the spectacle becomes dramatic; a battle can be fought upon the clouds with discharge of artillery and explosion of missiles, accompanied by all the thunder and flashings which belong to such a scene. In such vast outlines, a new art begins to show itself worthy of and adequate to the colossal works of man in the West. Nothing was plainer at the World's Fair than that of the old arts, sculpture and painting have become historic, and must ascend into a newer and more universal art. Limit breaking is the spirit here, taking the old not as the top of the ladder, but as a step therein. The electric artist is the coming Michael Angelo!"

GREAT LITERATURE.

Have we not, each one of us, at some time in our lives, been thrown into the companionship of people of an ignoble type? These are the people who belittle everyone of whom they speak, who suspect each genuine deed of having a selfish motive behind it, who, in fact, think poorly of life in general and of their immediate surroundings in particular. If we have been conscious of our own inner life, at such times, we have felt the glory fading out of it. The beautiful enthusiasm which made it a joy to live and to work lessens each day until, if the contact continues long enough, men become mean, and life seems a petty thing not worth the having.

It is at such times as these that great books become our refuge, veritable towers of salvation are they. For are they not the voices of great souls calling to us to come out of the fog of pessimism? They still speak in ringing tones to the heart that longs for nobler views

of life, although their human voices were silenced a thousand years ago.

Isaiah spoke not only to despairing Jerusalem but to every despairing soul since the time when the irresistible hosts of Assyria seemed ready to come down upon God's chosen people "like a wolf on the fold." As he said to them, so he says to us, "Fear naught while the Lord God Jehovah is with you!"* Homer so wrote that he portrayed the greater Gods not only as fighting against the mercenary hords of Asia, but always fighting on the side of right.

The great poets are greater than the great philosophers, or the great theologians because they embody in forms of beauty or forms of hideousness the world problems that are as old as recorded history and as wide as the life of man. They give us living and everlasting pictures of human lives uplifted and exalted by emotions of friendship, love, self-sacrifice and service; or dragged down and debased by the ignoble passions of ambition, greed, hatred and revenge. They do not deal in abstract virtues and vices, but with service or sin as a living issue to be dealt with here and now, in our

* Dr. George Adam Smith's commentary on the writings of Isaiah are a revelation to many to whom Isaiah had been a sealed book.

lives. They place us in the society of the noblest and most attractive men and women and open before us the loathsomeness of the abyss in which sordid and debased souls dwell. Thus we can, if we wish, have daily inspiration from and daily communion with the mighty men of mighty times. For each great world-poet is the child of a great era and expresses in the highest way the greatness of that era.

A woman who had done much thinking as well as much writing, was speaking to me one day about a problem that was perplexing her. The winter previous we had together studied Dante's Divine Comedy. So after listening to her statement of the difficulty I said, "Do you not remember how Dante explained that trait in human-nature?" "Yes," she replied in a discouraged tone, "but Dante had the poet Virgil with whom he could consult at any moment. If I had some such friend I would not make as many mistakes as I do. I have no one near me upon whose judgment I can rely." I looked up, and seeing that she was in earnest in what she said, I replied "You can have Virgil for your friend, just as Dante had him. You have forgotten that twelve hundred years intervened between their earthly existence, and seven hun-

dred years more do not matter much when it is the thought of a great mind you want and not the bodily presence." A dazed expression came over her face for a moment, then with a hearty laugh she exclaimed, "It had not once occurred to me that Virgil was not a personal friend of Dante's. He makes their comradeship so real, and Virgil's counsel is so direct that I had entirely forgotten that they were not contemporaries!"

I have related this incident merely to show how great the influence of a really great book may become. It is of such books that Emerson is thinking when he says "There are books that rank with parents, lovers and passionate experiences." And many another soul among us can assert that some one book has quickened his or her moral will to do the dreaded deed requiring moral courage, just as a strong friend might have done.

I know another woman who apparently possesses the power to discover the best that is in everyone with whom she comes in contact and to awaken their talents, whatever they may be. She counts this faculty of hers not as a special endowment, but says, "From my earliest childhood I was brought up among giants and

genii, among prophets and priests, and kings and queens. Stories from the Bible, The Arabian Night Tales, and the fairy tales of the Teutonic race were constantly read to me until I was old enough to read and re-read them for myself. I do not remember ever to have come in contact with a low, or a mean book during my child life. Thus I came to maturity believing in the greatness of human nature, and entered the outside world expecting to meet giants and genii, prophets and priests, kings and queens, and I have never been disappointed."

There is scarcely a well read man or woman in America of the passing generation who cannot remember the awakening which Emerson gave to him or her. What a quickening Ruskin brought to our hearts! And Carlyle! How his hatred of shames has been burned into the inmost recesses of our souls!

This brings us naturally to the classification of books according to the length of time their influence lasts, or, when we get among the great books, the mountain peaks of literature, the number of *centuries* they have spoken to the children of men. No book can be pronounced really great until it has stood the time's test for at least a hundred years. There are

books that amuse and entertain us; then there are books that inform and instruct us; again there are books that awaken and strengthen our sympathies, and last of all there are books that inspire our highest endeavor by lifting us up to a clearer vision of the true meaning of life, and by making us conscious of the God-Presence in the commonest affairs of life, not theologically, but vitally. There is not space here to speak at length of the value of each of these classes of books. The entertaining books come to us as do bright breezy acquaintances with the news of the day, a droll story, a pretty bit of word painting, a pleasant thought or perchance a touch of pathos that stirs our hearts and is gone. They are read, perhaps discussed, passed on and then forgotten. Often times they serve to rest a weary brain, cheer a gloomy day, or help to while away a tedious hour of waiting. There is a higher class that quickens our sympathies and gives us glimpses of a larger world than the one in which we chance to live. The better novels belong to this class. I have an invalid friend who says she picks up a volume of Dickens whenever life begins to seem unendurable and soon forgets her aches and pains in the delightful world into which she is

thus introduced. Nor are we to ignore the value of that class of books which brings to us their author's power of seeing the beautiful in nature. Whoever has read Hamilton Mabie "Under the Trees," has felt an added freshness in the morning air. No one can read John Van Dyke's "The Desert," and ever again think of a desert as a dreary place of ugliness. Thomas Starr King has made even the mountain heights more beautiful because he has written for us how he has seen them. In fact there are writers on nature who cause every bush to flame with fire revealing the Divine presence. Let us take gratefully all such help to see and to feel the beauty of nature, as we would borrow the eyes of the artist when we go into a picture gallery and take with us the ears of the musician when we listen to the mystic music of the great composers. The interpreters and commentators have their place and it is no mean place. The great ones among them are, in truth, teachers and leaders of men. Of books of travel, histories and scientific volumes there is no need to speak here. Our schools and universities will see to it that they are not forgotten, until, indeed, fresher and better books of travel and history and science take their places.

Still none of these could be classed as *Great Literature*. That alone is *great* which helps to reveal to man the true nature of his inner world. All things that pertain to the outer world, wealth, health, beauty, position, rank, talent, influences, friends, even love itself can only be called of *great* value when they administer to the growth of the spiritual nature. This is no theoretic statement, but a practical reality, an easily verified fact. Take any one, or most of these gifts and put with it a mean, sordid spirit and at once how insignificant, aye, even contemptible they become. The things of time are transitory, like the grass of the field, which is today and tomorrow is cast into the oven. This becomes more evident when we take a larger view and study the race development and not merely that of an individual. All the Great Eras of Art came when the artists were filled within with exalted ideals, and the world about them expressed worship through art channels. So all Great Eras of History have been the record of Titanic spiritual struggles of whole peoples to free themselves from existing bondages to external things. Why has the little town of Jerusalem remained great while the mighty cities of Ninevah and Babylon, of

Tyre and Sodom have passed away? Why were the Greeks great and the Medes and Persians compared to them of little historic value? All through history the story is the same. Even all-powerful Rome became a contempt and a by-word when her Emperors and her people forgot the inner integrity that belonged to the true Roman. The greatest example of all time, however, is the power and majesty and growth of the Christian religion which is based entirely upon the inner conditions of a man's own soul, and not at all upon his external circumstances.

Therefore, literature is only Great Literature when it is inspired by this view of life: Then the soul of the writer saw so clearly the *internally beautiful* that he expressed his thoughts in forms of beauty adequate to his vision so that they in turn inspire the reader with the same exalted view. Literature then becomes an art, Art in the highest sense. In such literature no moralizing is needed. The beautiful words image forms of beauty that speak for themselves, just as beautiful scenery calms the troubled heart, or beautiful music soothes the troubled soul. With this difference, however, that in beautiful scenery we have only the silent expression of dumb nature, and in beau-

tiful music we have oftentimes an inexplainable appeal to the unconscious emotions, whereas in Great Literature we have the highest conscious life of man.

By the universal consent of the scholars and artists of all time and places, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe have been conceded to be the four great *world-poets*. The first gave joyous expression to the great Greek world of gladness and beauty, art and philosophy. It was in the world's young days when the race was first awakening to its freedom and its power. The world has never had such an era since, nor has it ever again had such a poet as Homer. The second was the voice that uttered the struggling, striving, longing prayer of the middle ages and the world has never since witnessed such religious aspirations, nor has it ever again had such a priest as Dante. The third was the hand that built the ethical foundations on which have rested the modern institutional world as no courts of law could have shaped them. The age in which he lived discovered new continents, established new kingdoms, created the state as a thing apart from the church, and the world has never known such an expansion since, nor has it

brought forth another Shakespeare. The fourth was the eye that pierced all outer forms and traditions and saw the naked soul of man, man as a self-determining, limit transcending being. The great revolutionizing world-thought that brought forth Swedenborg, Hannahmann, Beethoven, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Froebel and a host of others, centralized itself at Weimar and brought forth Goethe. We have not yet half comprehended the marvelous insight of this prophet of the future.

We may expect, therefore, to find in these four great world-poets the highest views of life expressed in the most beautiful forms. For great as is the beauty of diction, the purity of language and the richness of imagination to be found in the writings of each of these Masters of form, still after all it is their content not their form that leads us to see from their heights, the true meaning of life.

These are the great epoch-making books which never grow old, which have stirred the hearts of a hundred generations and which will stir the hearts of generations yet to come. To know one of these great books thoroughly is not only to know a hundred lesser books which have sprung from it, but to know human

nature better than most of us would understand it in a lifetime of effort. For they strike, each of them, at the very springs of man's spiritual life.

Let us take the poems of Homer for example. At first we are attracted by the stately music of his hexameters. Then comes, to the scholar, the fascination of his exquisite use of language. The charm of his phrases defy the translator, and some color is lost in even the best copies of modern scholars. Yet, after all, Homer has been translated and still remains the great joy-loving heart, conscious of the presence of his gods and of their concern in the affairs of men. No hero, however noble, no demigogue, however base, that the gods do not read his inmost soul and reward or punish him accordingly. Do we not feel the fresh breezes of the Greek world; the vigor and physical activity of its heroes, who can banquet three times in a single night and fight all the next day? Their fearless courage and astonishing bodily dexterity bring to us the freshness and daring of youth as we watch them hurl javelins formed from the trunks of young trees; guide with one hand their plunging chariot horses; seize their ships and drag them up onto the shore; battle

for whole days amid the angry waves of the sea; be dashed ashore by Neptune, yet spring up again as fresh and vigorous as ever. The very atmosphere is stimulating. It is the joyous vital living that comes, that must come, when Olympus is not far away and the laughter-loving gods are man's familiar friends.

If a hero faltered the gods strengthened his limbs and put courage into his heart. His religion was a very real thing to Homer, and he makes his reader feel that after all it is the God-element in or with man that counts for victory, or for happiness. And yet this consciousness of the God-Presence is not awesome. It is uplifting, encouraging, inspiring to great deeds—but not solemn nor sad. The very gods loved the air and the sunshine. In these days, when farms and villages are being deserted and the blue sky above the hill-tops is being exchanged for the black smoke above the cities; when bodily exercise has ceased to be the free spontaneous sport of the people and has been relegated to trained specialists who exhibit for our excitement; when most of our pleasures are indoor entertainments and our lives become jaded and weary before we reach middle ages; has not Homer something to suggest in mere atmospheric conditions?

When we come to the study of character the great Greek gives us more real characters than we meet with in the every-day contact with men and women. The people about us are clothed with customs, reserves and artificialities which oftentimes disguise the real man or woman. But in the *great books* of the world genius pierces through all outside conventionalities and concealments and shows us the motive of actions, oftentimes leading us unerringly into the inmost recesses of some struggling soul. We see heroes not only overcoming external obstacles but conquering internal defects. Sometimes the inner battle is so vividly portrayed that our hearts cry out, "It is I of whom he is speaking. These are my struggles and my defects!"

In his Iliad with what simplicity and yet with what wonderful skill he gives us the bitterness with which *ability* fights against the authority that is over it until it learns the great lesson of self-control and the greater one of tolerance! We see Achilles, the proud man, conscious of his own superiority, arrogant in his own integrity, rising up in his wrath to sweep away a wrong which has been committed against the priest Calchas by the violent reten-

tion of his daughter Briseis. What cared *he* if the wrong-doer was Agamemnon, the King, chosen by all the Greek hosts to be their leader? Shall he, the man of courage, stand lamely by and see this thing done? He sees no need of tact on his part. Nor does he exercise the great virtue of patience. Is not he the *hero* greater than Agamemnon the King? Can the Greeks conquer without him? In his heart there is a scorn for all his comrades, as well as a fierce rage against Agamemnon. He has inwardly separated himself from all the rest of his world. He, and he alone, is right. His egotism has blinded him. What is the result? Can we not predict it from lesser experiences of our own? Have we not come in contact with it in every society organization with which we have been connected? The blunt self-assertive man who undertakes to set things right according to his notion of right, regardless of everyone else. The race has coined its experience of such a condition of mind into the adage, "Pride goes before a fall." If we are clear-minded philosophers we know that it is a violation of a great spiritual law. Old Homer gives us this same thought in a most highly dramatic scene, one not easy to be forgotten. Out of

the blue sky above swept down the white-robed Pallas Athene. Murder is in her hero's heart. She seizes him by his yellow hair. And suddenly he turns to see who has dared thus to interrupt his wrath. Her awful-gleaming eyes look into his. Her winged-words come to his ear alone. Nor is she seen by any of the trembling hosts around. He hesitates, and then—

“On the silver hilt he stayed

His strong right hand, and back into its sheath
Thrust his good sword, obeyingly.”

The impulse to angry murder is checked by divine help. But Achilles is very human and we can see the proud toss of his head and hear the defiant ring in his voice as he administers the petulant words of rebuke to his chief. There is still no respect for human authority nor for the organization which gave the authority: no forbearance toward his commander because he is his elder; no seeking of counsel with Nestor or Ulysses as to how the evil may be undone. He is *Achilles*. What need has he of advice from other men? So harshly and arrogantly he utters the words —

“Wine-bidder with the forehead of a dog
and a deer's heart! Thou dost rule a spiritless
race, else this day, Atrides, were thy last!”

Then comes the famous quarrel scene, and Achilles returns sulkily to his tent. A long and bitter experience awaits him. He has shut himself away from human sympathy and in his anguish of heart he feels that no one understands him, that there is no justice on earth and "From his friends withdrawing, sat
Beside the hoary oceans marge, and gazed
On the black deep beyond and stretched his hands,
And prayed——"

The desolate heart turns ever to the Divine for the consolation denied by man. And, according to Homer, the Divine ever responds. Thetis, his goddess-mother heard his cry
"Swiftly from the waves
Of the gray deep emerging like a cloud,
She sat beside him as he wept, and smoothed
His brow with her soft hand, and kindly said,
'My child, why weepest thou? What grief is this?
Speak and hide nothing, so that both may know.'"

Could the love of God for sorrowing man be pictured more tenderly than this? Contrast it with some of the stern merciless pictures drawn by our Puritan forefathers, and you will

then understand why Homer has lived three thousand years, while the theological controversies have been forgotten. The human heart hungers for Divine love, and the highest insight shows us that love, even in the punishment which must be administered.* The wisest love is that which does not shield its loved one from the just return of deed upon the doer's head.

Achilles had separated himself from his people. He must now be taught a much-needed lesson. The goddess-mother may soothe and comfort him with her tender sympathies. But Zeus will not interfere until the needed discipline has schooled the proud heart. Through a long and bitter experience our hero learns that Achilles championing the Greek hosts in their struggle to establish the sacredness of family relations, is one man, while Achilles sulking uselessly in his tent is another. It is a splendid lesson given for all times and all conditions of men—*Service alone can make us of any value*—ceasing to serve, we cease to be valuable. It is a hard lesson for a proud soul to learn! Haughtily Achilles rejects the apology and of-

* Students of Froebel's "Mother-Play-Songs" recognize this same kind of love is set forth in the nursery play of "Falling, Falling."

fer of restitution which the now penitent Agamemnon sends to him by the hands of his three best friends. Then comes the death of Patrochus! Like many another man of iron will Achilles is softened by contact with death's inexorable mystery. In its presence the minor jangles and jars of life cease to be important. He rises, exclaiming:

"Yet now, though great my wrong, let things
like these

Rest with the past, and as the time requires,
Let us subdue the spirit in our breasts."

His sorrow puts him in touch with the sorrowing hosts. His wrath mingles with their wrath. The Greek cause becomes more than his personal resentment. Achilles is again the hero. Strong in his self-conquest he strides forth to conquer. As in the Hebrew record the face of Moses shone with a supernatural radiance after his solitary conference with the Divine, so now a flame of fire is seen by the enemy to surround the head of Achilles. He shouts aloud and the sound of his voice strikes terror to the Trojan hearts. We need not speak of the wonderful shield which his goddess-mother brings to him,—save that it had carved upon it the activities of all mankind. He is

fighting now for all humanity. Hector, his chief opponent, is slain. He has conquered his enemy—but he is very human, he has not yet entirely subdued himself. He has yet to learn the meaning of those words, “He that conquereth himself is mightier than he who taketh a city.” He, around whose brow had played the supernatural light, now so utterly forgets himself that he insults the body of the dead and gloats over the suffering of the living. And yet, Achilles is not a bad man—he is an angry man, and we see all the pitiable impotency of rage, all the more pitiful in that it is the lapse of a great soul. The deep, tender, confiding appeal of the aged Priam to be allowed to carry away for burial the body of his beloved son, melts Achilles to tears, and the closing book of the *Iliad* is, perhaps, after all its most sublime one.

No moralizing is needed. Throughout the ages the great picture has stood. The strong tender-hearted but too proud hero, struggling with, fighting against, and suffering from deeds which his own untamed will has brought about. Is not the statue, chisled in heroic size, worthy of our study?

Numerous and striking as the character stud-

ies offered by the less prominent personages who surround the hero. It is the drama of life revealed by the hand of genius! And the heart of humanity has been hardened to indignation or softened to pity as the play has been unfolded. For in each act and scene the upper and the lower world are felt to interplay one upon the other, and it is the inner life of this or that character that has exalted or debased him. Although it is a drama of war and bloodshed. Its leading 'motif' has been the God-without speaking to the God-within man's breast, or the God-within appealing to the God-without. The latest psychological researches have given us no greater insight than this inter-play between the unseen and supernatural and the seen and natural. Nor has the dogma of the church a finer faith to offer.

Who can read the story of Ulysses, of his long and weary wanderings, of his temptations and his mistakes and not be made the wiser for the lessons which experience taught this "Man of many sorrows." And yet it is not merely the man, Ulysses, whose trials and tribulations hold us. It is seeing beyond the earthly scene into the councils of the gods concerning the discipline needed for the folly of man-

kind. In almost the first scene in the *Odyssey* the key-note of the whole book is struck when at an assembly of all the Gods of note one rises that regards not the rights of man nor God, and exclaims—

“How strange it is that mortals blame the Gods
And say that we inflict the ills they bear,
When they, by their own folly and against
The will of fate, brings sorrow on themselves.”

Then goes forward this matchless story of sin and folly and the inevitable punishment which must follow,—no sermonizing, no moralizing, simply a series of marvelously telling pictures, perfect in every detail of each story. For, after all, it is a series of fascinating wonder-tales rather than a set of pictures. Half the fairy tales of later ages can be traced back to their fountain head in the *Odyssey*. The characters met by Ulysses, the experiences he underwent have become universal types in all literature. How many a dalliance with duty has been pictured by the Island of Calypso? Who has not tried to sail midway between Scylla and Charybdis? Alas, alas, how many have heard the songs of the sirens and have fallen victims to their wiles. Where could be found a better picture of sordid brutal greed,

than the one-eyed monster Polyphemus? And Proteus—who has not met with the thousand-formed Proteus, changing, turning, twisting, now beautiful, now loathsome, now terrible yet underneath it all the same-old-man-of-the-sea? And he who would conquer must persistently hold on! And Circe, the subtle, luxury-loving beguiling Circe! Who has ever pictured her like? The long enduring Penelope has remained throughout all times the type of the faithful but sorely tried wife. Where do we find home-life pictured more ideally than in the land of the Pheacians? Nausicaa is ever the fairest, most lovable of innocent maidens, while the dignity and equality accorded to Areta, the beloved wife and honored mother, has not yet become a realized fact in modern society,—Old Homer has something to teach the most advanced reformers of today—even in practical affairs—so far-reaching is the eye of genius!

The perfect art of the Master shines out nowhere more brilliantly than when we study the perfect setting which he has given to each being he created. Nothing is lacking. The sirens whose empty flattery beguiles the passer-by are on barren shores of sand with bleaching bones and grinning skulls behind them to tell

the deadly nature of their work. Scylla and Charybdis are placed in the narrows of a surging sea—whose whirling waves have swallowed up many an unwary mariner—Proteus appears amid slippery sea-calves covered with sea-slime on the shore of an island, every detail of his surroundings indicates the difficulty of holding on to him until he tells his secret. What could be a more fitting abode for the wild and beautiful Calypso, with her passionate love, than the scene which greets Hermes, the messenger sent from Olympus by the gods.

“Forth from the dark-blue sea swell he stepped
Upon the sea-beach, walking till he came
To the vast cave in which the bright-haired
nymph

Made her abode. He found the nymph within:
A fire blazed brightly on the hearth, and far
Was wafted o’er the isle the fragrant smoke
Of cloven cedar, burning in the flame,
And cypress-wood. Meanwhile in her recess
She sweetly sang, as busily she threw
The Golden shuttle through the web she wove.
And all about the grotto alders grew,
And poplars, and sweet smelling cypresses.
In a green forest high among whose boughs
Birds of broad wings, wood-owls and falcons
built

Their nests, and crows, with voices sounding
far,

All haunting for their food the ocean side.

A vine with downy leaves and clustering
grapes,

Crept over all the cavern rock."

Around were meadows overgrown with violets and other wild flowers, and brooks of glittering water were to be seen here and there. Altogether it was an enchanting woodland spot, free from the touch of civilized man. Contrast this with the environment which surrounds the subtle but false-hearted Circe. She dwells in the midst of a large park where tamed wolves and lions fawned like dogs upon the approaching visitors. Her dwelling place is a marble palace with shining doors; her guests are seated on silver-studded thrones with curiously wrought foot-stools beneath their feet, and they are served from goblets of gold. Still through all this oriental luxury there is an air of mystery which foretells the coming treachery. Whereas in the surroundings of the charming and innocent Nausicaa we see and feel the belongings of a rich and well-appointed but perfectly normal home, such as well befitted a princess of royal blood. The walls

within the palace were of brass with cornices of blue steels. The doors were of gold with lintels of silver; carved statues of gold and silver representing mastiffs stood at the doorway, and the banquet hall is lighted by slender forms of boys in gold holding blazing torches in their hands; while over the chairs and beds are thrown beautifully woven tapestry, whose "well wrought tissues glistened as with oil." Spacious grounds surround the home of this art-loving, cultured family; well-ordered orchards and flower-beds are to be seen in the rear—and yet the description of the home life within is so charming that one forgets the belongings, feeling only that they are befitting for such a family. A whole volume might be written about the skill with which Homer—like each of the other great world-poets—has made the setting of his characters reflect their inner condition. This is the poets' way of expressing that great truth that each one of us in reality makes the world in which we live. What brings discontent or misery to one man brings joy and thanksgiving to another. Not that the outer conditions change in the least, but joy or sorrow come because the one man sees and uses these outer conditions in a different way from

the other. We all know this to be true, but we are not all willing to accept in our own cases this doctrine of free will.

Herein lies the superiority of great poetry over great philosophical statement. The one gives to us the telling picture which appeals to us and which unconsciously convinces without argument. The other presents to us the hard dogma which we too often rebel against. The one is right and wrong embodied in human lives, the other is right and wrong abstracted from human life. And throughout the poet's song is the ever-present God-element, guiding, governing and inspiring mankind. This is why the greatest of all teachers are the great poets. And yet, they stand silent and unheeded in the libraries of many a man and woman whose soul is crying out, "More light! Give me more light!"

Let us now turn to Dante, the second of the great world-poets.

Like Homer, he centers his poem around one heroic individual—rather than weakly scatters it among many, but to that one heroic individual come the temptations and trials of

mankind. Both poems begin with the hero as estranged or far from that for which he longs.

Ulysses is alone on Calypso's sea-girt island, longing for his home and native land. Dante awakes alone in the midst of a dark woods, and knows not the path of return to the sunlight. Is not the key-note to all great literature, all great music, all great living the longing for an unattained ideal, the struggle to attain it, or with the tragedy of turning away from this ideal? It is true that in external forms the two poems differ as much as do a Greek temple and a Gothic cathedral, but the inner spiritual content of each is to show the discipline through which an heroic soul that has become estranged is brought back to home and peace with God. Punishment must purify the soul until each can descend into the eternal condition of things, dropping for the time being all external views of life. It is seeing things as they are in the sight of God, not as they are estimated by men, that makes of the great poems "vicarious experiences" for all mankind. It is the infinite in any effort that makes it universal.

In entering upon the study of the Divine Comedy, we leave the free out-of-doors at-

mosphere of Homer and enter the vast cathedral which a great suffering soul has built. It is vaster and more solemnly beautiful than any of the Gothic cathedrals that Europe can show. In fact Dante's "Divine Comedy" was the source and inspiration of much of the mystic art that has made the middle ages so prolific of weird beauty. In the midst of a fanatically religious age he was the one great priest who voiced the universal nature of sin and redemption. Kings and popes are to be found in his inferno, and noble heathens mingle with the redeemed saints. With him God was a God of Righteousness, not a God of the Church;—and man made his own heaven or hell—notwithstanding the ecclesiastical form of his great poem. It is the mistaking of the *form* of his poem for its *content* that makes the impatient critic ask, "Of what possible use can the study of that old mediaeval poet be to us of the twentieth century?" Our answer is this: Has the man who taught the whole Christian world the true and awful meaning of sin, of sorrow and of redemption nothing to teach *us*? Let the candid mind first examine the poem which has withstood the sneers and misrepresentations and criticisms of six hundred years, be-

fore condemnation is passed upon it. A whole literature has grown up around the Divine Comedy as the centuries have passed. Pictures have been painted, statues carved and music composed under the inspiration created by the tremendous insight of this great master. For it absorbed unto itself the piety of the Hebrew, the beauty of the Greek, and the weird mysticism of the barbarian.

Is it not the aim of every earnest soul to attain by the broadest and highest possible culture unto that serene wisdom and unfaltering judgment which comes from insight alone? How can we better fill our souls with the true enthusiasm which *insight* brings than by the study of the great prophets and seers of the race who have thought "God's thought after Him;" and who in consequence of this power can lead us away from the temporary and unimportant things to the eternal and all important things in this life as well as in any future stage of existence that may be granted to us. If we believe in immortality we must believe that the *inner* life continues to exist though the outer life is destroyed. After all, *Death* is the great inexorable fact in life. Sooner or later each one of us must pass through the ordeal, and

each human soul asks "what is beyond?" No traveller has ever returned from this life beyond the tomb. Our knowledge of it is necessarily based on our knowledge of the workings of the inner spiritual life of man in this world and what that life must be if it continues. Hence any strong, vivid account of the life beyond must have deep insight into the nature of the spirit of man and the sources of its suffering or joy—and therefore must contain many pertinent lessons for this life. The Divine Comedy is on this subject. Dante lived in Tuscany, the land of tombs, and in an era whose religious teachings led men to think of the eternal beyond. He was inevitably influenced more or less by his environment and the age in which he lived; nevertheless his insight was so vital that it included the here and the now as well as the then and the beyond.

All true art has the element of the eternal, the universal in it. This is why Dante's types and images have stood for ages. They are not merely the reflection of his time, but of all time. They are the eternal pictures which have stood the test of time. Truth, deep-living truth can be told in no other way so effectively as in an art form. In our study of this great poem

we find that it is not the soul of *a* man, but of *man* that is being revealed. Slowly, solemnly and with bowed head he leads us down into the pit which the sins of the human heart and will and intellect have dug for the souls that harbored them. Farther and farther we go from the light which the All-Father would have shine upon each of His beloved children. One of the most significant things in the Divine Comedy is this; as the souls of men travel away from the God-idea of man the darkness and torment and anguish increase, and again in the Purgatorio the nearer to the God-light the suffering, struggling souls come the calmer and easier the journey becomes. This is the real essence of all true religion. And yet it is given not in a theological dogma, but in a series of the most wonderful pictures that the world has ever seen.

In the upper rim of Inferno are the *frivolous*. Those who do not or will not realize what a rich and precious gift life is. They are in an environment made by themselves (as are all of our inner worlds). It is not the glad light of the sun, nor is it the tragic darkness, but a dim gray twilight, wherein nothing is seen distinctly and yet the eye is not conscious

of darkness. They are engaged in endless activity, but what an activity! Each and all are continually chasing a flag as it is blown back and forth by the wind, and they are tormented by gad flies and gnats! Could anything express more vividly the emptiness of an aimless, selfish life? Throughout the six hundred years that have come and gone since this picture was painted, the shallow frivolities of those who have had leisure and have misused it, are seen not as luxuries to be coveted, but as the petty and foolish chasing after a wind-tossed flag. Their fighting with gad flies and gnats would be contemptible, save for the sadness of the fact that such lives are losing the joy and beauty of *real living*. Surely Dante understood human nature when he pictured idle society as the first step downward!

Next comes the world-famous scene of Francesca da Rimini. We stop for a moment to listen in gentle pity to her tale of woes. In sad, tender voice she tells of her mournful fall. Six centuries of readers have felt their hearts softening as they hear the story of a soul led *astray through love*. And yet in what a scene has Dante placed her; bound to her illicit lover, she whirls with him unceasingly, forever, in the

mad storm that they themselves have created, no rest, no peace of mind, no contentment; they must forever live in the whirlwind of passion with remorse forever torturing them! Then comes a nasty mixture of rain, mud and foul odors, a veritable pig-sty; and here stupid, stolid, half bestial are the *gluttons*. No service of Dresden china nor glitter of cut-glass can hide from the master's piercing eye the swinishness of such a life. He paints it in all its loathsomeness and we turn away in disgust. The three-throated dog Cerberus is the fit companion for such creatures! With what fine scorn must the lip of Dante have curled as he sat an unwilling guest at the table of some rich glutton.

And the *miser* and the *spendthrift*, how sharply he defines them and shows the useless labor of the one as he toilingly climbs a hill rolling an ever-increasing ball of gold before him, losing all interest in family or friends, all pleasure in intellectual pursuits in order that he may make the ball bigger and get to the top. And when he reaches the summit what is his reward? Only the anguish of seeing the spendthrift kick the ball and send it rolling down hill again. How many a millionaire's life is here

told! Only in this dramatic scene the senseless folly of such a life is emphasized by the thought that, never having learned any other activity in life except the one of money-making, throughout all eternity such a soul has doomed itself to toil uselessly piling up money. No costly automobile, nor Parisian costume, nor glitter of jewels can cover the miserable petty selfishness of the spendthrift. He stands a contemptible coward, a parasite, spending what he has not earned.

Then come the *angry* with wreaths of smoke blinding their eyes, making them see all things in inflamed colors, and the *sullen* sunk deep in a muddy river the only evidence of their presence being an occasional bubble or pout that comes to the surface. Have we not all met them and been made uncomfortable by them? How utterly absurd they are made to appear here! Then comes the sudden transition from the sins of the body to the sins of the intellect, and instantly the scene changes, we are no longer in an open country, but a walled city appears. And the appalling darkness is lighted by glaring flames. Fire, the destroyer is at work, yet still the souls live on, must live. Is it not of their own choice that they have come to such a condition?

Here each soul stands naked. The clothing of earth has been torn from its limbs. The *murderers* steeped in rivers of blood; the suicides are deprived of human shape, having destroyed their bodies, compelled to live in bodies of trees, the *blasphemers*; the *seducers*; the *flatterers*; the *abusers of sacred trusts*; the *barterers of public office*; the *hypocrites*; the *thieves*; the *evil counselors*; the *breeders of discord*; the *counterfeiters*; the *liars*; the *traitors*, all are there, each in a world which his own soul has created, each pursued by a monster that suggests in bestial form the spiritual disfigurement he has caused in his own soul. And all so revealed with such weird vividness that they become living realities never to be forgotten. The light of eternity is turned upon the deeds of time, all external covering of excuses, all calling of things by polite names is done away with. The scales fall from our eyes, we stand and look upon the human soul as God looks upon it, without God's love and we cry out, "Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners!" Yet clear and distinct throughout the entire journey down the infernal pit we are made to realize the fact that each distorted soul is there in a distorted world because being made in the image

of God it has *chosen* to become a devil. All of this terrible revelation of sin and suffering with all of its accompanying horrors is to teach us that it is man's free will which makes a hell, not God's wrath. It is a wonderful truth which the Church has not yet fully grasped. The insight of Dante swerves not in this terrible form as it shows as a thousand sermons could not show better that wrong-doing must always bring suffering, and that sin, no matter how gilded or how enticing, in the end robs the soul of all that could really satisfy it.

This leads us to the study of the Purgatorio, not the Roman Catholic dogma of repentance and atonement after death, but that *state of mind* in which men of all degrees of sin are learning through weary and painful toil to bear bravely and patiently, aye, even joyfully, the consequences of their own evil deeds; until through effort and through suffering they are prepared to see the angel of God's mercy standing ready to lift them up to a higher plane, or to listen to His voice calling them along new paths where more climbing must be done. No wonder we hear pæans of praise as each new beatitude is chanted with a meaning never felt before. Marvelous indeed are the pictures of

the proud and haughty souls voluntarily bowing themselves almost to the earth as they laboriously toil up the Purgatorial mountains. Again the envious, having refused to recognize merit in others, are here willing to have their eyelids sewed together and in humble penitence blindingly feel their way along the rocky path. Then come the slothful, and again those who have indulged in the sins of the flesh. Each and all are pictured here in an environing world that helps on the spiritual life they are struggling to regain. In such marvelous and unparalleled ways Dante is telling us that the human soul has in it so much of the Divine that it *must* help the great Divine in its own salvation. Is not the law of all growth of character here written out for all time—each man must to the utmost extent of his will power undo the wrong he has done. He must with the most tremendous effort of which he is capable strive to do the right deed. The Divine Grace stands ready to help him. With this deep insight in mind what think you, earnest mother, of the usual "I'm sorry!" as sufficient atonement for the misconduct of the child whom you would see grow in spiritual stature and gain control over his besetting sin? And yet

this great sermon of sermons is a series of beautiful pictures so attractive that I have known little children to beg to have told to them again and again the story of the wonderful gate, or of the Valley of the Princes, or of some other exquisite scene.

When we turn to Dante's portrayal of the ethical world, we are led to realize that all ethics are, when rightly understood, based on the God-idea of man's relationship to his fellow man. The whole wonderful sweep down into the abyss of sin and the rise up to the summit of the Mount of Purification is based on the thought of the brotherhood of man the Fatherhood of God. Each wrong doing becomes heinous to the extent that it injures the spiritual confidence of man in man. Personal sins, no matter how disgusting and loathsome, are not placed by our poet in as low a circle as sins that disturb the ethical life of society. Without this thought of the institutional life of man by which to measure the extent of a sin, how could we reconcile the putting of a barterer of public office for private gain below the sensualist? In the toilsome journey of the Purgatorial mountain we find that it is those sins which separate man from his fellow man that

are the first which must be purged away. Slowly and with painful effort does the repentant soul learn to acknowledge this brotherhood of man, upon which is based all civic and religious growth, for it is the God-thought for man. It would be impossible in the short space allotted here to speak of the marvelous beauty with which this great thought is presented. Centuries must yet pass by before the world can realize it in the practical affairs of life. And yet just to the extent that we do realize it are we true citizens, great reformers, wise philanthropists, efficient teachers, inspiring preachers or real artists.

Of the lessons to be learned from the Paradise I dare not speak. The glory of its environment, the exultant rejoicings of the redeemed spirits, the tender and mystical relationship of the soul to its Maker which the Paradiso portrays, is felt by me in a dim way, but not comprehended. It always leaves me with the impression that God is great and good, and the nearer man gets to Him the happier he is. I leave this part of the poem to be interpreted and applied to life by a deeper soul than mine.

Do not most of us need insight and inspiration even more than we need knowledge and training? Does not insight give patience and sympathy with weakness in every form? And does not inspiration breathe new life and new courage into the tired heart and bring with it that zeal which makes the delving for more knowledge of the things of the outside world, or the conquest of self a joy, rather than a task? Again and again comes the question: "Where can we get more insight? How can we fill ourselves with deeper inspiration?" Perhaps more people turn to Shakespeare, the mighty creator of modern art, than to any one other world-poet for rest, for recreation and for added knowledge of human nature. There is no need of our stopping here to comment on the marvelous beauty of diction of Shakespeare. He is "a well of English undefiled." His wonderful adaptation of the style of language to the character of the person speaking, is in itself a most helpful study of literary style. Again his art is perfect in placing each person in the landscape best suited to enhance the effect of the character. As, for example, the melancholy of Hamlet reaches its climax in a grave yard. The life of Macbeth is on a battle field. The

climax of King Lear's rage is in the midst of a storm, and so on. Each inner mood has its corresponding outer setting. Such master strokes and a thousand other beauties are self-evident. But it is of Shakespeare as an inspirer of nobler living that we would speak. First of all he has set before us every kind of life. The palace of the king, the courts of justice, the marts of trade, the privacy of family life, the silence of solitude, each plays its part in the moulding of character, and the influence which each of these exerts is a fascinating study to the student who believes that environment is a strong factor in education.

Perhaps the most significant point gained by the study of Shakespeare's use of environment is that of the sudden change to primitive life when he wishes to remold, reform or recreate his characters. Off to the unknown island is sent his Prospero, that he may meditate upon his weak relinquishment of responsibility, and may learn to use his knowledge and his magic art for men and not for his own pleasure alone. Off to a solitary cave among the mountains flees Belarius, taking with him the two young sons of Cymbeline, that he may guide them into a strong, true manhood, unhindered by the cor-

ruptions of court life and the artificialities of society. It is in the forest of Arden that the wronged Duke finds "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything" (surely he has found compensation enough for the hollow life he has left behind him!); and Rosalind shines not so attractively in the fashionable and conventional court circle as when in simple peasant garb she freely lives her real self. Could the charming character of Perdita have developed as serenely in the palace of Leontes as it did in the humble, honest home life of the shepherd's cot? It is true that Imogen in the midst of the most luxurious of surroundings, presents the true womanly character, but against what odds does she contend!

What a significant lesson this great magician teaches us by that constant return to nature for the quieting of the restless, tired life, for the subduing of the rebellious, selfish will, for teaching the difference between the essentials of life and those non-essentials which the extravagance of our city leads us to over value! Off to the woods then, with your children when you begin to detect the craving for artificial excitement, the scorning of simple duties, the de-

mand for luxuries as if they were necessities. Back to the companionship of nature when your heart begins to question as to whether or not life is worth living! Plain living and high thinking seem to have been Shakespeare's ideal life as well as his remedy for jaded nerves and sick hearts.

It is hard to separate the evolution of character from the influence of environment in Shakespeare. The two are in reality but different parts of the same study. Still Shakespeare portrays for us the tremendous evolution of character without any change of surroundings. Who can study the play of Macbeth and not realize the transformation which is going on as the brave and loyal soldier is slowly changed, by gnawing ambition, into the cowardly and superstitious traitor? Is there no warning in this for us? Do we not too often awaken and feed wrong ambitions by undue praise, unchecked by the sense of responsibility which should always accompany the realization of added power? Do we always remember that added *strength* is added *responsibility*?

Again, who can follow without keen interest, the proud and irascible old King Lear, who

brooks not the slightest opposition to his whims. Disciplined by his own folly, he passes through every woe that age can feel, until we hear him plead pitifully and humbly. "You must bear with me. Pray you, now, forgive and forget. I am old and foolish." Or when he gently says to the weeping Cordelia after all hope of his restoration to the throne is lost, "Come, let's away to prison; we two alone will sing like birds in a cage. When thou dost ask me blessing I'll kneel down and ask of thee forgiveness." How different is this from the uncompromising Lear who will listen to no suggestion of change from his arbitrary command! And yet, has not this change been wrought by the consequences of his own deed returning upon him? Would he have so softened had he been shielded from this natural consequence of his own deed? How many of us fail to realize this all-important lesson, namely, that we make our own happiness or unhappiness? Slowly we watch the subtle influence of Cassius creeping over and changing the views of the noble Brutus. He stops not to reason out for himself whether or not Caesar is helping the Roman world. He accepts the views of Cassius and becomes his tool. Do

we not see the same thing done in the political campaigns of today? Some of the arguments of Cassius might be mistaken for newspaper campaign editorials of the present hour. What a study of the conflicting influence of character on character is the play of Hamlet! How the tender and beautiful personality of Hamlet comes to naught through his lack of power to decide upon a course of conduct and then to pursue it. Does not this touching story say in most pathetic tones, to each of us: "Let insight and resolution be followed quickly by effort to attain, even if mistakes are sometimes made?" Long continued hesitating weakens any character. Sensitive refinement, quick sympathy, tender affection are not enough,—character needs robust, vigorous action to strengthen it and make it a power in the world. Let us realize that many little achievements in childhood lead to more determination to attain the desired end in youth, and that this determination culminates in the grand confidence in one's own power which removes mountains, banishes the word "impossible," and pushes a generation forward.

Where in all history do we see so well displayed the effect upon character, of coming

into responsibilities, as in the transformation of the gay, reckless Prince Hal into the quiet, thoughtful King Henry the Fifth? Many a perplexed teacher might take the hint and change the bright, restless, mischief-making boy into the thoughtful maintainer of law and order, by placing the star of leadership upon his breast. Many an anxious father who mourns over the rash and imprudent conduct of his son, seeing in it evidence of future dissipation, could learn from this story of Prince Hal that all his boy needs is work and responsibility of some kind which will utilize the powers now running to waste. Illustrations of the development of character, seemingly without number, present themselves until a whole volume might be written upon Shakespeare's insight into this one theme alone.

When we turn to the study of man's relationship to man, we find that Shakespeare has portrayed it in a thousand forms. In fact the most interesting part of his inexhaustible genius seems to be his clear insight into the magnitude of the ethical world, which shows each individual that he is to consider himself as a necessary portion of a mighty whole, and yet helpless without that whole. Here we learn

in most emphatic terms that "each must do his part, however small," else the family, the trade world, the state, the church will suffer. The entire plot of his dramas may be summed up in a few words. Man as an individual is in conflict with the institutional world. If he refuses to be reconciled to the demands of the greater world, the waters of destruction close over his head and the play becomes a tragic lesson for mankind.* It is from this standpoint that we must judge of Shakespeare's faith in a Divine Providence overruling the puny efforts of man.

Lear's kingdom may seem for the time being to be torn to pieces, but in the end Albany restores just government to England.

Macbeth may murder his king and slay his fellow general and put to flight every loyal man in Scotland, but the play closes with peace and order restored to the bleeding land.

Hamlet, As You Like It, Tempest, and many other plays, all bring to us the deep and lasting impression that the mind of man has reared with infinite pains this majestic structure, which we call the *institutional world*, where the weak

*Dr. Denton Snyder in his commentary on Shakespeare's Tragedies unfolds further this most interesting subject.

may find refuge, the wise man peace, and even the wicked, if he chooses, may learn through law the nature of his deed and turn from it. Is not this a much-needed lesson, for those restless reformers who see in individualism the cure for all the present evils of the world, who would tear down the strong protecting walls of law and authority because they sometimes seem to protect the wrong.

The ethical institutions of the world are not only "the product of man's deepest spiritual nature," but they also prove to him the possibility of spiritual advancement which becomes an angel of hope in our hours of darkness when the pessimistic view of the world presses itself on us. From them we learn that *men* may be mean and petty, but that *man* is noble,—that individuals may be selfish and weak, grasping or over-ambitious, but that humanity, as a whole, is grand and unselfish.

Is there not inspiration for all of us in this thought? And does it not add to our respect for the wonderful significance of this institutional world, maintaining as it does the ideals of the race? Its persistence is in reality one of the surest evidence that man has a spiritual nature.

Perhaps, as a kindergartner, I may be pardoned for calling attention to the fact that Shakespeare and Froebel are the two great thinkers who have most effectively used the drama to help to bring the large and varied experiences of mankind to the necessarily limited life of the individual. Neither of them originated plays. Both used the material which generations of human joy and sorrow had accumulated, making luminous the commonplace incidents by the insight which showed it to be an universal experience. The real greatness of the drama is not yet realized. Nor will it be seen until the stage is purified of the gross, low and empty plays that are now upon it. In the meantime we can sit by our evening lamp at home and have the world's greatest dramatist bring before us, in noble forms of art, the struggles and temptations, the defeats and victories, the failures and successes of mankind; until this great silent teacher helps us to go forth to our daily contact with the world, better, wiser and more forbearing men and women.

What shall we say when we come to the great Goethe; the master mind of modern times? Not

only has he summed up the experiences of the race as far as it has developed, but, with the eye of a prophet, he sees far into the future of mankind. The world is not yet ready to understand, much less to pronounce judgment upon, the insight of the man who stood in Jove-like serenity amid the earthquake caused by the French Revolution. He gazed beyond that small bon fire burning up the rubbish heap of European civilization, and saw with his prophetic eye the rising sun that was to reveal the new consciousness of the Solidarity of the Race.

In his *Wilhelm Meister* he shows how the individual, with aspiration in his heart, can and will learn even through his folly and mistakes. But in the great *Faust*-poem, he gives us a picture so gigantic that we are lost in wonder and perplexity over this or that detail or series of details, and almost forget the sublime outline of the whole. In it he uses all forms of verse and rhythm. But that is an external result, not an internal thing. Even in the *Prelude* the great dramatist gives, with no uncertain sound, his idea of the office of great literature. The manager asks, "Will it pay?" the actor, "Will it entertain and amuse?" but the artist's one question is "Will it elevate?"

The limits of this chapter do not permit more than a reference to the many and marvelous beauties which are contained in this gigantic poem. The cloister-like study, the despair of Faust checked by the Easter bells, the excursion to the fields, the inimitable creation and evolution of Mephisto, the touchingly tender and beautiful character of Margaret, the prison scene, the morning on the mountain top where Faust regains his courage, on through to the final struggle between the devils and the angels over his departing spirit; each is a marvelous piece of literature. Nor have we space to dwell upon the grotesque and absurd, even hideous, forms by means of which the poet makes us see the nature of sin. It is a liberal education in literary style to familiarize oneself with the outer form of the poem. But—the greatest problems of man's life are crowded into this drama of Faust. The prologue introduces the old, old story of Job. The setting is the same. The characters are unchanged—God, the devil and man,—but how different the solution!

All the experiences of the race since the days of the Prince of Uz are poured into the Titanic poem of Faust. Here we are shown the

largest, fullest answer that has yet been given to the ever recurring question, "Why are sin and suffering allowed to come into the life of man?"

The hero goes through the world's experiences. He has position, wealth, learning, influence, all that men call success,—but the spirit within is not satisfied. He enters into the pleasures of the senses—he eats, drinks, even debauches,—but the spirit within is not satisfied. Love comes to him, mad, passionate love,—it is returned, is gratified,—but the spirit within is not satisfied. Statesmanship, vast enterprises, wide travel are his,—but the spirit within is not satisfied. Art, culture, refinement, beauty in all its forms surround him,—but the spirit within is not satisfied. Every experience, seemingly, that can come into the life of man, sin, suffering, sorrow, repentance, pleasure, joy, all are his—but the spirit within is not satisfied. And the devil of doubt and discontent still dogs his steps. At last he learns that man can not live unto himself alone! He is but a part of the great race and with it must rise or fall. With this thought he creates a new world, makes it rich and beautiful by all that life has taught him. He invites unto this new world

all who may need him. Then, and not till then, comes peace—and the spirit within cries, “Stay, thou art so fair!” He at last has learned the true meaning of life!

It is with such silent teachers as these that we may escape from mean and petty views and learn how great a thing it is to live!

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